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Here are the Results for Four Years

Year	Cars	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
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1910	10	165,901.9	6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
Totals	50	744,426.2	$170.27

Grand Average....22.8 Cents per 1000 Miles

Sworn Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the sworn statements of the car owners whose names, addresses, and detailed reports appear in our Upkeep Book. Shall be glad to send you a copy.

Mileage Registered

The mileage credited each car was made by a regular stock-model Winton Six in the individual service of the owner, between the following dates, and was registered by odometer:

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1910 *records—April* 1, 1910 *to Nov.* 30, 1910
1909 *records—Nov.* 1, 1908 *to June* 30, 1909
1908 *records—Nov.* 1, 1907 *to June* 30, 1908

Total Repair Expense

The repair expense charged against each car is sworn to by the owner as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of tire repairs)."

Passed Upon by Judges

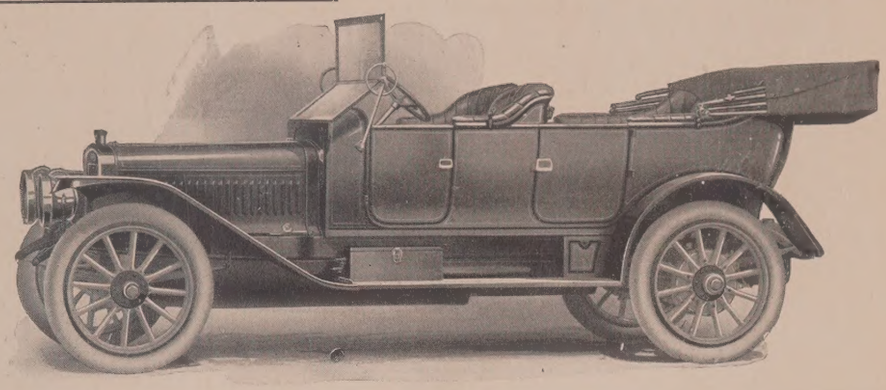
Each mileage and expense report was passed upon and accepted by a Committee of Judges having no connection with the Winton Company. These Judges exercised their own judgment without restriction, and have themselves sworn to their annual decisions.

Dependable Figures

Every possible precaution has been taken to render these reports free from error, in order that automobile buyers might have for their consideration an absolutely reliable set of figures showing THE ACTUAL COST OF KEEPING A HIGH-GRADE CAR IN OPERATION AFTER PURCHASE.

The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in Winton Six advertising to be true without qualification

WINTON SIX



Repair Records for 1911

Car Owner	City	Total Mileage	Total Repair Expense
R. R. Reilly	Cincinnati, O.	27,325	$1.20
S. J. Franklin	Millville, N. J.	25,290	None
*Martin Daab	Hoboken, N. J.	24,221.4	.10
Mrs. Wm. E. Fox	New York City	24,082.6	None
J. W. Strackbein	Chicago, Ill.	23,970	None
F. M. Hauthaway	Boston, Mass.	22,932	None
Mrs. Anna M. Hermes	Pittsburg, Pa.	21,258	None
‡J. E. Clenny	Chicago, Ill.	21,133	None
W. B. Simpson	Chicago, Ill.	20,551	None
F. H. Greene	New York City	19,096	None
Dr. A. H. Hilsman	Albany, Ga.	21,505	1.25
E. W. Edwards	Cincinnati, O.	19,084.1	None
Jas. W. Stevens	Chicago, Ill.	18,960	None
A. S. Gilman	Cleveland, O.	15,017	.25
E. M. Potter	New York City	14,259	None
Chas. F. Lembke	New York City	14,235	None
Earl B. Putnam	Philadelphia, Pa.	17,396	7.32
Dr. Espy L. Smith	Chicago, Ill.	16,531.7	10.76
Henry Hall	Philadelphia, Pa.	13,853	None
W. R. Noone & Co.	Boston, Mass.	13,634.1	None
		394,333.9	$20.88

*Same car two years. ‡Same car four years.

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Little wonder, then, that repair bills and the losses they represent are the bugbear of motordom.

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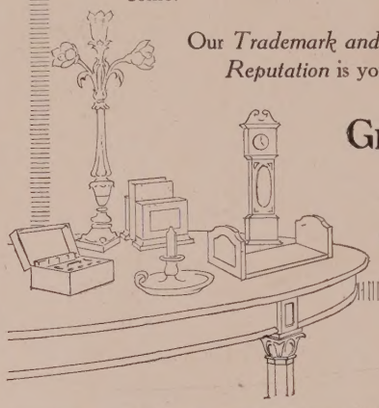

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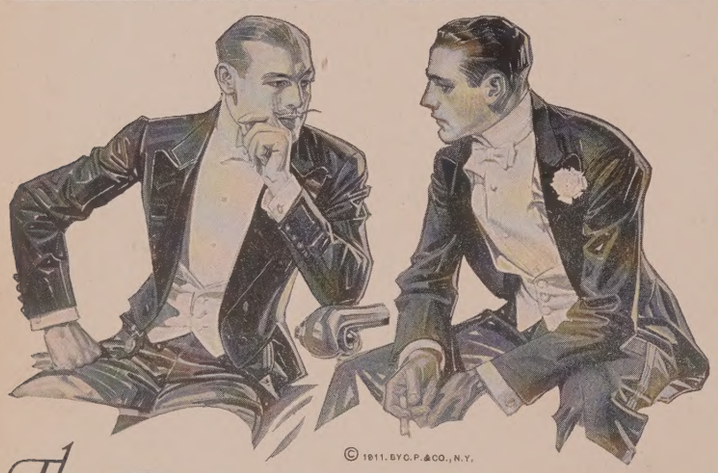

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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NEW YORK

BALTIMORE LONDON

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV JANUARY, 1912 No. 131

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

White

RITA JOLIVET AND OTIS SKINNER IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "KISMET"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

DALY'S. "KINDLING." Play in three acts by Charles Kenyon. Produced on December 5 last with the following cast:

Maggie Schultz.....Margaret Illington
Heinrich Schultz.....Byron Beasley
Steve Bates.....George Probert
Mrs. Bates.....Annie Mack Berlein
Mrs. Burke-Smith.....Helen Tracy
Mr. Howland.....John Jex
Alice .....Anne Meredith
Dr. Taylor.....A. G. Kenyon
Rafferty .....Frank E. Camp
Donovan .....William Barnes
Mrs. Barker.....Margaret Rich

It required daring for Miss Margaret Illington to choose for her reappearance in New York a play that was squalid in all its settings and sordid in everything but certain emotional appeals.

A forlorn figure she is in this piece, dressed in faded calicoes, the wife of a longshoreman, living in a tenement house with torn and greasy paper on the walls, and inhabited by a class that required the attention of the mission workers. The opening scene sees Mrs. Bates, an Irish washerwoman, at the tub. The fashionable, richly-attired slum worker, Mrs. Burke-Smith, thinks it a crime for such poor people to have children. Maggie's husband is violently opposed to his wife's having children, and Maggie keeps from him the secret of her condition. He is laid off from work on account of a strike, and she accepts a position as seamstress with Mrs. Burke-Smith. Bates' son, Steve, is a loafer and a thief. He persuades Maggie to give him information regarding the interior of the house—she to slip a note under his pillow, he to give her a share in the proceeds of the robbery. Maggie pawns a brooch for a considerable sum of money, intending to go at once with her husband to Nevada, where life promised something on a reservation of land. She was thinking of her child, of which she had told her husband nothing. He accepts the money and starts to purchase the tickets, but turns to ask her more about the source of the money. She lies industriously, and he becomes convinced that it has not been loaned to her by Mrs. Burke-Smith's daughter. A detective brings the theft close to her, but Alice stands by her and makes it appear that Maggie's story is true.

The play is well acted and well constructed. Miss Illington, as Maggie, reaches heights of natural emotion that are astonishingly effective. She arouses sympathies that touch one to tears, but it is by the force of individuality in the actress and of the particular case of a wife who risks everything for the sake of her child to be. It is not exactly socialism that the play preaches, but incidentally that is a strong subordinate theme. If the argument of the play were general and not particular with reference to the one woman, the audience could not condone Maggie's offense.

Mr. Charles Kenyon, the new author, comes forward for the first time with fine promise of what he may do. The acting generally was efficient. Heinrich Schultz, as played by Byron Beasley, was the manly husband, whose hard nature, hating the conditions under which children perish young or live to endure a hard fate, but who turned to tenderness and sympathy and defense of his wife when the crisis came. George Probert was the thief who put crime in the way of Maggie. Annie Mack Berlein was the Irish washerwoman, Miss Helen Tracy, the rich slumworker, and Miss Anne Meredith, Alice, the daughter, who saved the situation—a good assemblage of players.

Miss Illington's courage in producing a play of this kind puts her prominently forward in her stage career, and she is doing a service to the stage in helping to keep it from narrow limitations in the range of subjects.

GARRICK. "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE." Comedy in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced November 27 with this cast:

Christopher Larkin....William H. Crane
Hon. Adolphus Judson..Harry Harwood
Patrick Henry Larkin....Jack Devereau
Colonel Seely.....Theodore Marston
Sam.....William W. Jefferson
Reeves.....L. E. Woodthorpe
Mrs. Ida Flower.....Mabel Bert
Miss Eva Flower.....Lorraine Frost
Mrs. Wallace.....Esther Lyon
Miss Isabella.....Mary Leslie Mayo

Mr. W. H. Crane is remarkable for his almost uniform success with American plays. It is not by accident. It is plain that he brings to the completion of a play, from the manuscript to the production, a knowledge of playcraft in the building up of the scenes. It is not a mere matter of introducing business.

"The Senator Keeps House," a notable bit of clever work by Miss Martha Morton, is not the less interesting in that it is filled with what may be described as domestic sentiment, and that it is free from problems and theatricalism. It is the kind of play of which the stage of to-day stands in need. Its chief merit is in its scenes, which are uncommonly entertaining with many touches of tenderness and humor. The Senator is a widower, living with his nephew, who is his secretary. Their housekeeper has left them, the inconvenience of which is shown in a scene at breakfast prepared by Sam, the negro valet. Eva, the daughter of Mrs. Flower, appears in answer to the advertisement for a housekeeper. The Senator sends her away, advising her that she is too young for the position. His nephew falls in love with her on sight. Presently Eva's mother arrives, and in a delightful scene takes position as housekeeper. She intends to ingratiate herself with the Senator, and at the proper time reveal herself as the claimant in a bill that is before the Congress for the purchase of certain lands of hers in Virginia. She has never seen the land. It is really a job, at the head of which is a certain grafting Congressman. The Senator sends his nephew to look over the lands, and he reports that they are a swamp of no value. The Senator is indignant at what he thinks is the shameless attempt on his honor, and dismisses the housekeeper—she to leave the next morning, he spending the night at a hotel. She confesses her part in the scheme, but her innocence in the matter is established to his satisfaction, and he is to marry the woman who has dominated his household, brought order and comfort to the cheerless home, and shown qualities that had won his heart. She has restricted him to a few cigars a day. She had arranged his papers so that he could always find them.

The scenes are delightfully worked out. One would be captious and hypercritical indeed to indict the plot when the by-products are so true in their comedy and pathos.

Sarony ETHEL BARRYMORE
Now appearing in "The Witness for the Defence"

What full measure of comedy there is in the scene in which the Senator is in nervous agony because he has no cigar to smoke. Sam, the valet, has stolen the last two. Mrs. Flower had brought with her a negro family maid, with whom Sam has fallen in love. She forces him to confess that he had taken them, and orders him to replace them. The satisfaction with which the Senator begins to smoke one of them, and the disgust at his discovery of their noxious fumes, is a scene in Mr. Crane's best manner. The sequel of the cigar episode is equally amusing when he gives the other cigar to the grafting congressman, and witnesses its effect on him.

Mr. Crane has mellowed in his art with time and without the loss of any of his qualities.

Miss Mabel Bert, as the sweetly dominant housekeeper, is well chosen for the part.

On the whole, the beginning of Mr. Crane's tenancy of the Garrick is most auspicious.

LYCEUM. "The Marionettes." Comedy in four acts by Pierre Wolff. English version by Gladys Unger. Produced December 5 with the following cast:

Marquis Roger, Frank Gillmore; Monsieur de Ferney, Arthur Lewis; Raymond Nizerolles, Edward Fielding; Pierre Vareine, Charles Balsar; Bonnaire, A. Romaine Callender; Duc de Ganges, William Hasson; Valmont, Frank Goldsmith; Footman, Arthur Hurley; Lucienne de Jussy, Grace Carlyle; Baronne Duried, Kate Meek; Madame Briey, Eileen Kearney, Marquise Fernande, Nazimova.

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MARIE CAHILL

This popular comedienne will be seen shortly in a new musical play, entitled "The Opera Ball"

Since she became an English-speaking actress, Nazimova's art has been principally associated with the neurotic drama, and her varied gallery of Ibsen heroines demonstrated again and again how skilled she is in the depiction of these abnormal heroines. Her dramatic power has been, and is, unquestioned. What she is capable of doing in the line of comedy no one will ever forget who once saw her play in "Countess Coquette," from the Italian of Bracco. Necessity rather than choice, it is said, forced her this season to again resort to that medium, and in the absence of something "strong," Charles Frohman, under whose management she is now playing, selected for her "The Marionettes," by Pierre Wolff.

There is no new message in "The Marionettes" which has been adapted for the local playhouse by Gladys Unger. This comedy deals with a situation as old as the proverbial hills. It is to be found in "Delicate Ground," "Divorçons," "Francillon," "A Woman's Way," and many others.

The Marquis de Montclars, to pay his debts and placate his mother, marries Fernande, a convent-bred, country mouse. It is purely a marriage of convenience, but as Fernande really loves her husband, she resolves to quicken his affections by awakening his jealousy. She resorts to all the adventitious aids, and becomes a great social success, with an impetuous and insistent admirer on the side. She succeeds, and the final curtain falls on prospective happiness. Not very new or original all this, nor are the added details particularly novel; but the comedy has form and the dialogue is pointed and witty.

Nazimova makes Fernande a breathing, living and human personage. She paints the demure young bride with broad splashes, but it assists the value of the theatrical contrast in the succeeding scenes. How splendid an actress she is is seen in the manner in which she uses her hands and eyes for genuine effects. Her methods are illuminative to a degree and pronounce her an artist of the highest rank.

The cast is a capital one and admirably balanced. The selfish and yet passionate husband is carefully handled by Frank Gillmore. It is a thankless rôle, but his earnest sincerity valiantly helps the illusion. Arthur Lewis, as the old uncle, whose homely advice is of valued importance to the climax, acts with gracious sweetness, and an excellent bit of crabbed and aged social acerbity is contributed by Kate Meek. The society element in the piece looked and acted like the real thing. There was breezy aplomb to Edward Fielding's Raymond Nizerolles, and comic vitality to the butterflies as presented by A. Romaine Callender and Frank Goldsmith.

Beautiful gowns were worn with proper authority by Grace Carlyle and Eileen Kearney. As one of the impelling jealous factors, the former acted with impressive distinction. The stage decorations were most handsome.

LYRIC. "Little Boy Blue." Operetta in two acts by Rudolph Schanzer and Carl Lindau. American adaptation by A. E. Thomas and Edward A. Paulton. Music by Henri Bereny. Produced on November 27 last with the following cast:

Earl of Goberdeen, John Dunsmure; Gaston, Charles Meakins; Dupont, Otis Harlan; Captain Graham, C. Morton Horne; Tabarin, Victor Kahn; Archie, Neil McNeil; Daisy, Gertrude Bryan; Amaranth, Maude Odell; Kitty, Katheryn Stevenson; Dubois, Jack Rowe; Mars, Harry Hamilton; Fleur, Ivan Murchison; Rene, Viola Napp; Marcelle, Edith Warren; Lois, Anita Pollock; Clementine, Ada Ripel; Helene, Mary Hamilton; Raoul, Antoinette Le Comte; Alphonse, Sam Chadwick; Munkacs Janos, C. Grosskopf; Baroness Lloyd, Lillian West; Lady Whitten, Gwendolyn Canfield; Lady Barrison, Florence Taylor.

What a competent and executive stage manager means to a show is vividly emphasized in "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric. It is not unfair to it to say that its first act is a very feeble effort, but Mr. Frank Smithson, who staged the piece, has invested it with such bubbling vivacity, such unflagging movement and such picturesque restlessness that the mind hasn't time to realize how thin it all is. This is fortunate, for what follows is so good that it would be wicked to have the edge taken off by a poor first impression.

There are a great many persons involved in this production. First, two Germans worked out the original book. Then an Englishman, Edward A. Paulton, and A. E. Thomas, an American, took it in hand and polished it up for the local stage; and right well, too, have they done their work, for the lines are extremely bright. Four rhymesters, or shall it be said poets?—Carolyn Wells, Grant Stewart, Edward Madden and Wm. F. Kirk—supplied the lyrics, which are sound, serviceable and witty. The score by Henri Bereny is simple, catchy and tuneful, and is supplemented by Arthur Weld, who directs the orchestra with all his usual sartorial impressment; while the ingenious and effective dances are arranged by Jack Mason. Out of all this combined effort should come something. And there does: a clean, clever and amusing entertainment, presented with much really beautiful scenery and many pretty and talented men and women in rich and beautiful clothes.

But best of all is the exponent of the title rôle. With no past performances to exact too much in anticipation, Miss Gertrude Bryan comes directly to the front, and by her youthful charm, refined delicacy and ingenuous grace makes a mammoth hit. It is not too much to say that Miss Bryan is the musical comedy "find" of the season. A more fascinating and winsome figure has not been reflected by metropolitan footlights in a long time.

What "Little Boy Blue" is all about doesn't make very much matter. There is a missing heir to a Scotch earldom, and until he turns up his foster sister, by circumstances, is forced into the breach, donning for the time the various habiliments associated with the masculine sex. How modishly and modestly she wears them is one of Miss Bryan's distinct accomplishments.

John Dunsmure is a sonorous and genial Earl of Goberdeen, and Charles Meakins as the French marquis, who eventually wins the hand and heart of the little

(*Continued on page ix*)

Copyright Mishkin
MLLE. GLUCK AS MIMI

Copyright Foley
MME. TETRAZZINI AS LUCIA

Copyright Mishkin
M. ROTHIER AS MEPHISTOPHELES

AT THE OPERA

ANOTHER month of music making has sped past our ears, each day charged with song and symphony, each night weighted with opera. Never before has there been such a glut of music, cramped into four weeks of listening. Midwinter music madness has fastened itself upon New York and New Yorkers; and if our ear drums can survive the present uninterrupted bombardment of opera and concert until spring, then we will have proven that we are not alone a music-loving race but also a collection of physically hardy specimens. In the old world there are countries whose people take their pleasures sadly. We take our pleasures madly. Our musical edifices are all skyscrapers, figuratively speaking. Morning, early and late afternoon and night are filled with music making. There still remains time to take an occasional meal between concerts and opera, and to get the fabled forty winks between opera and concert again. It is a musical merry-go-'round, the hours chasing each other melodiously 'round the clock.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there has not been much that has proven startling in novelty—in fact "Lobetanz," reviewed at length in our last issue, has been the only operatic novelty thus far offered. The reason is that it always takes a good month and more to get the ponderous artistic machinery of this institution in motion, for each familiar work demands rehearsals before it is again given to the public. In some cases, where new artists join the casts, some well known operas are put through their rehearsing paces almost as much in detail as though they were new works. And that consumes time, but it has the gratifying results of producing generally excellent performances.

One of these, in particular, was "Götterdämmerung," the last of the Wagner "Ring" cycle and yet the first of this series to be heard this season. It gave opportunity for the first appearance at the Metropolitan of an American basso, Mr. Putnam Griswold, who was a member of Henry W. Savage's English "Parsifal" company years ago, and who has since been basso in the Kaiser's opera in the German capital. He sang Hagen, at the Metropolitan, and rather disappointed those of his hearers who listened and hoped for a resonant bass voice. Instead, his voice is almost the quality of a baritone, but he sings well and seems an intelligent actor, clear of enunciation and commanding of figure. Gadski, who sang the Brünnhilde, was not exactly at her best, her voice at times assuming a strident character usually foreign to this sterling artist. Hermann Weil, a German baritone, who had made his American début a few nights earlier, sang Gunther and it is safe to say that he is the best singer in years who has filled this generally thankless rôle. Burrian was the Siegfried, musically satisfying as ever, and Matzenauer sang Waltraute with beauty of tone but with a slowness of tempo that had "Made in Bayreuth" stamped all over it. The three Rhine Daughters were excellently sung. Alfred Hertz wielded a forceful baton, particularly effective in the Funeral March. Chorus and scenery behaved ideally and the performance throughout was a joy to Wagner lovers who do not flinch at sound and plenty of it.

Wagner also flourished in an earlier "Tristan und Isolde," when Hermann Weil made his New York début, as Kurwenal. He sings well, but gives the impression that his forte is lyric opera rather than dramatic work. This particular "Tristan und Isolde" promised at the start to be a performance to remember all one's life, for Fremstad, as the Irish Princess, was nothing short of superb. She sang with beauty of tone that amazed even

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MADAME FREMSTAD AS ISOLDE

admirers who expect wonders of this remarkable woman, and who usually are not disappointed. Every dramatic effect throughout the work was made with that complete artistic poise that outwears impulse, a poise which Mme. Fremstad possesses.

But the marring note was Burrian, who was a victim of cold, and had scarcely enough voice to carry him through the performance. He bravely concluded the evening, however. Had he been in voice, that performance would have been the high water mark of the young opera season. Witherspoon's King Marke was good, while Matzenauer's Brangaene was much more than that. Above all these forces towered Toscanini, whose baton directed a performance that for beauty and dramatic utterance has not been equaled even by himself.

Another newcomer of the year is Theodora Orridge, an English contralto, who made her début in "La Gioconda," singing the small part of La Cieca very well. It was a spirited revival of this Ponchielli opera, and would have been even better if the germ of indisposition had not fastened upon Amato, who sang dramatically but not entirely with full beauty of tone. Caruso, as Enzo, was again in full vocal prime, his "Ciele e mar" ringing, and even abounding, in wealth of gorgeous tone. Mme. Destinn, in the title part, was admirable, but Florence Wickham was a bit overshadowed by the vocal company she was keeping, and by the demands of the rôle of Laura Adorno.

PUTNAM GRISWOLD AS HAGAN

Theodora Orridge found her opportunity a few days later, when indisposition laid low Margarete Matzenauer, and she was called upon to leap into the Ethiopian robes of Amneris at a repetition of "Aïda." She was naturally nervous, but she displayed some pretty tones and also temperament. That was Caruso's day, for not in years has he sung his "Celeste Aïda" as he did then, with artistic restraint and with an opulence of golden tone quality.

Not nearly so successful was the season's first French opera, "Faust." It lacked "tradition," and the one person on the stage who seemed to adhere to the French manner born was Rothier, the French basso, who sang an excellent Mephistopheles. Geraldine Farrar was Marguerite, not in the best of voice, and but ever interesting with new "stage business," and gorgeous in a new gown that surely never graced the back of a simple burgher's daughter. Jadlowker, who sang the title part, was vocally fatigued and did not quite scale the heights in his "Salut demeure." This performance served as the début at the Metropolitan of Giuseppe Sturani, a conductor who had been allied with the Manhattan forces. He conducted a conventional "Faust," but his work seemed to indicate a lack of rehearsal, and his accompaniments were frequently not at all in accord with the singers.

At the season's first "La Bohême," some days later, he also did not distinguish himself, leading the first act in a needlessly loud manner and with inartistic, romping haste. After that act he bettered himself, and this performance turned out very well in the end. Alma Gluck sang for the first time this season in opera, singing a Mimi that for sheer beauty of tone will long be remembered. Her voice floated ethereally, and with that lovely quality for which it is noted. Martin's Rodolfo was sincere, if not inspired, and Bella Alten's Musetta smacked ever more of the *Unter den Linden* than it did of the Boulevards, but she sang well.

Geraldine Farrar's re-entry of the season was made in "Königskinder," one of last year's novelties. Whether it was due to the strain of a long concert tour or the matter of indisposition, her voice was very disappointing. It was so cramped in volume that at times it seemed not to reach far beyond the footlights. In acting and in appearance she was an ideal Goose Girl, and was ever picturesque, surrounded by her swarm of geese. Jadlowker, as usual, sang the King's Son, and familiar figures and voices filled familiar rôles.

In "Madama Butterfly," Geraldine Farrar was in better voice, and she has improved steadily since then. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has also had its melodious innings, being sung by the star cast to an enormous audience. Caruso, Destinn, Amato—they all shone vocally in this Italian-American version of early California life.

One of the best presentations of the year was "Lohengrin," with Fremstad as Elsa. It is one of her most difficult rôles, but she was equal to its demands, and Jadlowker, as the Knight of the Grail, was in beautiful voice. Matzenauer sang a most interesting Ortrud, and Weil was one of the best of Telramunds.

Thanksgiving Day was divided into small pieces to make a holiday for music lovers, "Parsifal" being sung all day and "Il Trovatore" at night. The former would have been an exceptional performance had it not been for a slight stage mishap, which snapped the thread of the operatic narrative, but otherwise did no serious harm. As Kundry, Fremstad was again magnificent, Burrian was flawless in the title part, Amato successfully fought down his temporary indisposition and sang Amfortas well, and Alfred Hertz conducted as though he loved this work better than any other. In the night's "Il Trovatore" Gadski shone brilliantly as Lenore, while Theodora Orridge, as Azucena, proved herself a valuable acquisition. Martin as Manrico was excellent, and Gilly sang Luna with much freedom.

But enough of opera! Exigencies of space demand that the concert share of the month be treated briefly. One of its features was the first New York appearance of Maggie Teyte, English soprano, who succeeded Mary Garden at the Opéra Comique, and who is now a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. Miss Teyte gave a song recital, and proved conclusively that she is a tiny, pretty woman, possessing a voice of extraordinary volume, and which in its

(Continued on page ix)

White

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"

White W. H. Crane Eva Flower
Act. II. Senator Larkin adopts a daughter

Mabel Bert W. H. Crane
Act III. The Senator thanks his housekeeper for his happiness

SCENE IN MARTHA MORTON'S NEW COMEDY, "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE," NOW RUNNING AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

William H. Crane—an Actor Who Loves His Art

By ADA PATTERSON

"RESPECT your business and your business will respect you."

This is the wisdom deduced from forty-nine years on the American stage. The man who made the deduction was William H. Crane, the oldest star and, in regard to experience, the oldest actor in this country. Rich, successful, with the tapestry of many well wrought and strangely different characters for that background we call the past, William H. Crane delivered his dictum, which young actors will do well to pin fast to their memories. His aphorism was builded upon the foundation of general human experience. A great editor looked with a glance, at a bargain driving contributor, and said:

"Don't expend all your mental force in quibbling about prices. Do good work and the rewards will take care of themselves."

Nor did this alert mannered man with boyishly straight figure and keen, clear eye, do any sighing for the good old times. Judicially he balanced their merits, then said: "These days are better than those and they are growing better all the while."

"Certainly the actor shouldn't complain," he went on, "he doesn't work so hard and he receives much more money than in the old days. I've played four characters in one evening, singing first basso rôle in an opera, doing a minstrel turn, a dance and eccentric comedy character in one evening. At that time I was getting, probably, forty dollars a week. And that was when I had been on the stage several years. When I began I worked for nothing, that is my board was paid by the management and my costumes were found. I made my début in Utica, July 13, 1863. It was there I met my wife. We just met. That is about all. But we remembered each other well. I liked her and she must have liked me pretty well for we met quite by accident in New York three years later and were married in two weeks. When I met her I was working for nothing a week, so didn't dare propose. When we were married, in 1870, I was earning thirty-five dollars a week. I lied to her guardian about it, made it fifty, though she knew the truth. From the time we were married I was fortunate, and I owe seven-eighths of my success to my wife. When her intuition says this or that I do it. Once I didn't. I used to argue. Now I don't. I've learned she's always right. She's the one human being I know who is infallible. Not many men can say that.

WILLIAM H. CRANE
At the time he first went on the stage

"I went on the stage at eighteen. I'm sixty-seven, but I don't often remind myself of it. When anyone asks my age, I say, 'thirty-seven,' and almost believe it. I take good care of myself. I always have. I've worked hard, but hard work is the best of tonics. To-night I came home after eight hours of rehearsal, tired. My wife looked at me a minute and said: 'Tired, aren't you?' 'Yes,' I had to answer, 'I am tired.' Then, going on with the domestic catechism, she said: 'Then why do it? Why? You don't have to act.' I answered, 'because I like it. I do like it. I may say I love it.' Her answer was, 'Then there is nothing more to be said.' And there isn't. I shall go on playing as long as I can find a play that interests and as long as I, myself, interest the public. I will stop before they begin to say, 'But you should have seen him in 'So and So.'

"I made my début as the notary in 'The Child of the Regiment.' I am now appearing in 'The Senator Keeps House.' The title and circumstances all seemed auspicious. The fact that the play is by the author of three of my greatest successes is significant. So also is the fact that it contains the title of one of my most successful plays, 'The Senator.' The title of Martha Morton's new play attracted me. When my wife came home and told of meeting the author in a subway station, and of Miss Morton having an idea for a play for me, the title of which she mentioned, my interest was captured. We went to see the

White

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN MARTHA MORTON'S NEW PLAY, "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"

author and with her I went carefully over the play, with satisfaction to myself. A friend said to me, 'Has it the punch?' and I answered, 'Yes, the domestic punch.'

"And now I'm going to take you into my confidence and tell you something that you've not heard before, I dare say, from an actor's lips. I enjoyed the long rehearsals of the play as a boy enjoys going in swimming. I enjoyed being with the young people of the company and I liked giving some of them lessons in acting. I've had four of them up here in this room. When they didn't get just the idea of the character I've said to them, 'Come up to our rooms and we'll have a go at them there.' They were all deeply concerned about the lines, and I've said to every one of them: 'Don't worry about the dialogue. Try to be the right sort of character and the lines will almost speak themselves.' "

Matzene

VERA FINLAY

Playing Pauline Panhard in "The Never Homes" at the Broadway Theatre

Sitting in his red damask covered easy chair, beside the lace covered table, in the large red and white drawing-room of his suite at one of the most fashionable Broadway hotels, William H. Crane looked more like any other prosperous person than an actor. There's no flavor of romance about his personality. He would look thoroughly at home behind the ground glass windows at the roller-top desk of an office with "president" in imposing letters on the door. He might be a bank president or the head of a commission house with all fitness as to appearance. But no thoughts of Thespis would his trim, dapper, keen-eyed self invoke. A large black tin box on the sofa at his side held the only theatrical suggestions about him. Its contents were photographs of himself in the old-time rôles of nearly fifty years and some pictures of his contemporaries, most of whom have vanished forever behind the curtain.

'Twas those photographs that summoned the memories. He, himself, lives essentially in to-day and to-morrow. It is the queryist, not he, who brings up the past. But it was an interesting past they summoned, one whose visions brought a tolerant smile to his lips.

"When I went on the stage," he said, "we played by gas light. With no electric lights to search out our secrets, we didn't worry much about 'makeup.' At any rate, 'makeup' is not the complex art laymen think it. When I was playing 'The Senator' I grew to expect the whisper as I first came upon the stage, 'What a makeup!' And that 'makeup' consisted of one article, a little tuft of beard that I stuck to my chin in a second. There was absolutely nothing else, except that I felt like 'The Senator' for a few minutes before going on the stage and that made me look like him. That's the real secret of 'makeup.'

"I was very well pleased, indeed, to earn thirty dollars a week, at that period they miscall 'the good, old times.' One hundred dollars a week was the highest salary any actor could hope for. It represented the dizzy heights of wealth to us. To earn a salary and to receive it were different matters. They were paid with amazing irregularity. It was quite usual to put on six plays a week, all of them new to some of us. All companies were stock companies. Stars came and went but we went on almost forever, except when the management failed, which the managements often did. But even the management did its best, for the best seats in a house could be bought for a half dollar, and a house that held four hundred dollars was a large one. Our personal appearance was not taken in the least into consideration. We played a line of parts and were engaged for that line. If a man had played a soldier, a soldier he was though his height was four feet ten."

Remembering the bitter cry of the present day actor that personality gets fine parts and fat salaries while art goes begging from one agent's office to another, I asked:

"And you do not approve of that?"

"Most certainly not," Mr. Crane responded. "I thoroughly believe, in fact I know, that it is a part of art to fill the eye. It is a poor producer who doesn't consider the pictorial phase of the piece. But I do not believe in the huge expenditures of to-day for productions. It is ruinous, just as our having too many theatres is bankrupting for some. But I do not blame the management. It is an axiom of human nature that well balanced persons spend no more money than they must. It is the audiences who are to blame for the lavishness of to-day. They demand it. I doubt whether a large part of the public would go to the theatre if they didn't get it. Now I believe in appropriateness of stage settings and furnishings. I don't approve bringing a tin coffee pot into a well furnished drawing-room. But I protest against the necessity, and the audience has made it a necessity, of some times spending sixty thousand dollars before the curtain has rung up on a first performance. There should be some proper average struck between the few hundred dollars then expended in productions and the immense cost of to-day. The audiences of to-day are in this respect spoiled children.

"But we didn't do things so well, dramatically, then as now. We never rehearsed more than a week. Letter perfect was an almost unknown condition. Actors perpetrated all the gags they wished, because they couldn't know the lines in the brief time given for preparation. Plays, with the exception of the classics, were not so good as to-day."

Eithne Magee J. A. O'Rourke U. Wright Sydney J. Morgan Sara Allgood

The father returns and angrily asks for the playboy

SCENE IN JOHN M. SYNGE'S COMEDY, "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD," WHICH CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK

"The Playboy of the Western World"

THE first production in New York on November 27 last of John M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," was attended by scenes of disorder almost unique in the annals of our stage. Rumors of impending trouble had preceded the play to this city. It had been hissed in Boston and there had been even more serious disturbances in Dublin, so when the first potato was flung upon the stage of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, the Irish Players looked as though they were quite used to that sort of thing. No sooner had the curtain risen on the first act of "The Playboy" than the trouble started. Hisses and groans at the outset, timid and sparse, increased in such volume that the actors could not be heard. But behind them the play was still going on. Meanwhile the atmosphere was thick with the odor of asafœtida and rotten eggs, and the first act came to an end amid sounds like Election night street brawls. Now and again some obstreperous individual would rise up and yell "Shame!" but a daintily gloved hand firmly placed on the brawny shoulder would cut short the rioter's eloquence and the police quickly thrust him through the swinging doors. Finally matters quieted down and the scene was transferred to the night court where the magistrate imposed fines. Meantime at the Maxine Elliott Theatre the performance had been begun all over again and was allowed to proceed in peace.

Mere comment on Mr. Synge's baffling play would be unintelligible to anyone who had not read it or seen it acted. At best it is an incredible story and the pity of the unsavory mess is the poetry of it and the apparently convincing evidence of fidelity to Irish character, at least in details. The facts in the story are true or they are not true. But in no event is the play justified for the purposes of the stage. No analysis of character or circumstance can efface the impression to be gained by the reading of it or the witnessing of its performance. That Christy is a type of boaster who is not to be taken seriously and who is to be merely laughed at cannot be maintained, for by the people in the play he is taken quite seriously as a murderer and a patricide. If Mr. Synge's intent was comedy, that comedy is too subtle for anybody of common sense or for Irishmen who attach importance to the decent sentiments of life. Otherwise the play is remarkable in many ways. The speech of these peasants is a delight in its pure English and in its imagery. The play is untheatric. There could be no closer transcript of life in character, manners and speech. But the attempt to make comedy out of the saying and doings of a parricide fails. It does not matter what Mr. Synge's intent was. The effect is offensive.

The Playboy gains all the prizes in the various contests at a fair in Ireland and so gets his name. Up to that time his strength and expertness had been tested in nothing. He had been a dunce who never reached his second book, according to his beggarly old father's account of him, "and came from the school, many's the day, with his legs lamed under him, and he blackened with his beatings like a tinker's ass." He did not drink. Three pulls from his father's pipe sent him "in the ass cart to the females' nurse." He was timid as to women: "If he seen a red petticoat coming swinging over the hill, he'd be off to hide in the sticks, and you'd see him shooting out his sheep's eyes between the little twigs and the leaves, and his two ears rising like a hare looking through the gap. Girls indeed!" He belonged to the lowest order of the peasantry, toiling and moiling and digging from dawn to dusk, drinking, waking, eating, sleeping, a quiet, simple poor fellow with no man giving him heed. His father was a miserable, drinking beast.

The young man seeks shelter and food at the house of Michael James, a publican. Before his coming his daughter, called Pegeen Mike, had begged her father not to go with his cronies to a wake and leave her all alone unprotected for the night. He insists that Shawn Keough, her cousin, a young farmer who is to marry her as soon as the dispensation comes, could remain in the house with her, seeing that they are so soon to be man and wife. She resents the idea and the consequences of it, and Shawn himself is too spiritless and timid to assent to the father's suggestion. She does not care for Shawn at all. Christy Mahon arrives at the moment of this dilemma. He soon intimates that he is a fugitive and begins to boast. In answer to the questions of Michael, his friends Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell, and Shawn, he denies a number of petty crimes suggested. He was not a counterfeiter, he had not married three wives, or commit robbery, or "followed after a young woman on a lonesome night," Pegeen grows impatient and finally charges him

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Otto Sarony Co. GEORGE ARLISS Sarony WILLIAM FAVERSHAM Sarony WILLIAM COLLIER Sarony ROBERT EDESON

PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES OF THE "STARRING" SYSTEM, WHICH SOME THEATRE MANAGERS WOULD ABOLISH

The Falling Star System

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IT is doubtful whether among all the many topics theatrical there is one more often discussed, one more often written of and one more thoroughly conducive to loud words and fisticuffs than the question of the so-called "Star System." Beside the ceaseless debate over this topic, the regular dispute over the relative talents of Bernhardt and Duse and the usual argument over the importance of Eugene Brieux take on a countenance as vague as that of the returned Peter Grimm. And yet, despite the heat and prevalence of the question in direct point, it seems to me that numerous recent developments in the native mimic world would justify a new chronicle of the case and the turns it has lately taken. And I say this in complete cognizance of the fact that my pen has hitherto always checked itself in the face of ardent prayers to enlist its opinions in the current debate.

The fact—for fact it is—that has whispered this reluctant quill into condescending to stride forth onto the battlefield is the unmistakable evidence that year by year—aye, even night by night—the star system as America has known it is falling gradually from grace. Of course, so long as there is a sun in the heavens or a man in the box-office, the star system is destined to be with us in some proportion, but the progressive diminishing of this proportion is what concerns us here. What has brought it about? Secreting a loaded revolver on our person as a guard for personal safety and for use as the occasion may possibly demand, let us outline the preliminary case roughly. A "star," or an actor who is accorded a place above the play in point in the relative ratio of ten to one, is and always has been created in several curious ways. To dismiss temporarily the important question as to the intrinsic ability or lack of ability of the player, it may be stated that "stardom" was and is born as follows:

I. Because a certain play cannot stand on its own feet and the name of an actor is required to lure unthinking metropolitan theatregoers and hinterland hayseeds into the playhouse. Object—subterfuge!

II. Because in many sections of the United States it is claimed that it is a "personality" rather than the play that draws the crowd. Object—dollars!

III. Because the caution of some mummer of variable talents is of such profound measure that he insists upon being listed as a "star" by his manager so that the public may be able to distinguish him from among the other possibly more able actors in the cast. Object—objection!

IV. Because of an hallucination resting in the minds of certain producers that it is the actor rather than the play that counts. Object—subject!

V. Because of the plutonic curiosity of the outland public as to the personal life of the actor. Object—matrimony! Also divorce, dentifrices, corsets and complexion creams.

More intimately speaking, the "star system" is the direct result of an over-appraisal of the relative importance of the actor to the drama; of the commendable effort on the part of producers to make money (although quite as much money might be made, it seems, without a resorting to the "starring" dodge), for the well-liked and able player would still be a member of the company; and of the distorted and artificially cultivated predilections of what is known in a democracy as "the public."

"Artificial," you ask, "why?" Artificial, we reply, because unnecessary, because an unnatural device, because every other art, every other form of trade, every other craft marches forth to successful issue without it, even in a republic! The greatness of this actor or that one cannot militate against the force of the general argument. The art of the theatre—there *is* such a thing, you know—must wax stouter and more substantial in proportion to the elevating into prominence of the drama over the player. And financially (for this question, too, must have its place in any wholly fair and equitable discussion) there would be small loss were the public made to see the error of its ways. The managers have gradually awakened to the strength of the prosecution's case, have applied their brains to the situation, have seen the flaws and holes in the exaggerated scheme of things as they are and have begun to read their answer *in* the stars and *to* the stars. Wagenhals and Kemper, late last summer opened their office windows, leaned far out and called up and down Broadway that henceforth they were done with "stars" for good and all. "What we want and are going to have for the plays we produce are capable actors, not electric lights!" was their pleasure-giving proclamation. Henry W. Savage, who was among the first of to-day's American producers to observe the ruinous tendency of the over-featuring of pretentious mummers, made silent yet all-positive announcement via his plans for the season that, so far as "stars"

Otto Sarony Co.
JOHN DREW
When a member of the Daly stock company Mr. Drew's salary was $50 a week. As a star his earnings, in good seasons, average $70,000 a year

went, he would henrykolker himself only once in the long list. And now, harking to the signs of the times, the Shuberts have come boldly forth with a pronunciamento that they, too, are awakening to the true state of affairs.

As an argument against the "star system," the last named producers pointed out its detrimental effect to the interests not only of managers and playwrights, but to the great mass of actors as well, subordinating the latter as it does to individuals pompous in a fictitious idea of their own value and importance. "Stars," sanely argued these producers, are wont to withdraw from a play after the first season or two, and the play, heavily advertised as being their especial vehicle, forthwith must either go into the discard or must bear a heavy financial loss even if it still remains a well-acted and well-written effort. Where would "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier" be to-day had they been "star" productions? Very plainly, in the same corner of the storehouse where to-day reposes "The Music Master!"

DAVID WARFIELD
When Warfield first attracted attention he was paid $25 a week. As a star he received over $300,000 from a single season of "The Music Master"

"Managers, themselves," admit the Shuberts and it is to their own credit, "are largely responsible for this condition of affairs. They have insisted upon making stars, only to find themselves in time at the mercy of those whom they have created." Even from a purely business standpoint, agree these producers, the death knell of the star system is beginning to be sounded throughout the land. The public begins to weary of it.

To deal a solar-plexus blow to the rebuttal, let me place before you a favorite little idea. Before you disagree with me, may I ask you to read?

There has not been a worthy play produced within the range of memory that has been benefited in any artistic or dramatic direction by the star system!

Let me ask you—if you are one of those who disagree with me and my little idea—to give me the name of *one single* play that has been assisted toward an artistic goal by reason of the starring of an actor in it, however efficient that actor may have been. Think it over carefully before you make bold to rebuff and shame me. The starring of an actor, I said. Remember that! Not the appearance of the actor in question in the play, but the starring of him. His appearance probably helped considerably in the interpretation of the play—but did his starring? Did not this "starring" serve to emphasize unduly a rôle that of right should have been etched gracefully and suavely into the piece? Did not this "starring" draw the action of the play unintentionally to a head at divers moments in the general dramatic progress when such should not have been the case? Did not this "starring" tend to make the exhibit thunder around a single character in your eyes when your brain told you this should not have been? A score of additional questions might follow—but why? Does the star system, after all, not resolve itself into a question of dollars and cents rather than of art and, to be entirely fair, are not dollars and cents as necessary in the theatrical trade as in the manufacture, let us say, of policemen's badges? So long as the public wants "stars," the managers, producers and playwrights would be foolish not to give them "stars." But, comes the question, *does* the public really want "stars?" And this question is for you—a member of the public—finally to answer. The managers cannot lead your taste, however much they may wish to do so, without your acquiescence.

Concretely, what the star system has done to harm the drama of our day would fill a hefty tome or two at the least. Take the present season, for instance. At this writing, it is only eight weeks old—a mere babe in swaddling clothes. And yet the infant has already felt the gnawing of the "system's" sharp teeth. I might name one play whose first act climax was ruined because the "star" felt he should have the centre of the stage at this point and who insisted upon his "rights" despite the urgings of the playwright. I might name another play that failed of success because it was written to fit a "star" when, as a matter of right, there should have been no unnecessarily elaborated rôle in it. The production of such despondent dramatic efforts as, for instance, "The Real Thing," "A Man of Honor" and "Next" must be accredited to "star" vanity. In the first case, more's the pity, because Miss Henrietta Crosman, whatever her vanities, is a thoroughly proficient player. A "star," be it known, is every once in a while all right as an actor where he (or she) is *not* all right as a "star"—so far as the drama in direct point is concerned, that is. A legitimately elaborate rôle is one thing; an artificially elaborated "star" rôle is another. In a more inconsequent direction, McIntyre and Hyams had relatively as much right to be "starred" in musical comedy (good or bad) as Lucy Weston would have to be featured in grand opera, as Gertrude Hoffman has to be "starred" in a Russian ballet or as Valeska Surratt has

White

EDMUND BREESE

HOLBROOK BLINN

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

THREE POPULAR ACTORS WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PROMOTED TO "STARDOM"

MARIEL BISHOF
Appearing in the rôle of Miss Dunstan in "The Country Boy" now on tour

to be promulgated in anything. And the season, remember, is only eight weeks old!

A highly capable actor may assist materially in bringing out the inherent good qualities of a play, just as a highly capable miner may assist materially in bringing out the precious ore of a mine. But the moment that actor is made more important than the play, at that moment does the play begin to suffer. Take Belasco's production of "The Woman," interpreted by an entirely efficient aggregation of players. Take the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator, in the exhibit. 'Tis nicely and quite satisfactorily translated to the audience by a young actress named Nash. Miss Nash is not "starred." Belasco is too cogent a craftsman to have fallen into such an error. Were Miss Nash possessed of thrice—aye, fifty times—the name she is, I like somehow to believe that Belasco would have exercised the same caution in the instance of this production. For, were the rôle in question made a "star" rôle, and were the play built up by the producer to this rôle, the whole exhibit would take a gorgeous flop over on its side. As things are, we find a rôle starring itself naturally—and it is not a "star" rôle. There's a vast difference! A rôle that makes a "star" of its written and executed self above the other rôles is quite different from the rôle that is made a "star" of by virtue (what a sad phrase!) of strutting vanity, indiscreet pride and ridiculous centre-of-the-stage manœuvrings.

The bread that the producers have cast upon the waters—the "star" bread—has come back to smite them so frequently in the recent theatrical chronicles that it is small wonder they have awakened to the increasing dangers of the system. Cast your eye over the records and recall the serious financial injury that has accrued to these producers, and the like injury that has resulted as the portion of the supporting companies and playwrights because of the vanity and momentary whims of "stars." Late last season, for instance, a musical comedy was produced in New York by a firm of well-known managers. The expense incidental to the production was very heavy. A "star" (a woman) was promulgated in the leading singing rôle. The play made a favorable impression in the metropolis, and, coincident with the good "notices," the "star's" head became exceedingly adipose. The play had not been running more than a few weeks when the "star" insisted that the managers change certain actors in her support. Not wishing to incur the star's displeasure (mind you, they had "made" the "star" themselves), they agreed to her demands. Not many weeks later the play was sent to Chicago. Here the "star" threatened to leave the company if her leading man was not changed at once. The management argued with the lady that the leading man was too valuable a member of the company to lose, but the "star" stamped her foot. "Either he goes and So-and-So is put in his place, or out I go." And, refusing to listen to reason, the lady deserted the company. The "star" was replaced by an actress thoroughly as proficient, but the production had been advertised so closely in connection with the "star" that the public would not patronize it once the "star" had left. And the managers, with a large loss of money staring them in the face as the result of the "star's" whim, had to withdraw the play.

AMY LESSER
Clever young actress seen at the Criterion Theatre in "The Commuters"

Let us look at another and more recent case. Not long ago, there was produced in New York a comic opera upon which a really large amount of money had been spent. At the head of the company there was lodged a woman "star." On the night of the metropolitan *première,* the "star" took ill and, as a consequence, was compelled to give up her place to an understudy for more than a week. Although the understudy was every bit as valid a singer and actress as the "star," the public remained away from the playhouse, because it remembered the "star's" name in connection with the advance notices of the opera. The "star" was probably honestly ill in this case and it was no fault of hers that the *première* was given so darksome an eye, but the fact of things, the final result, remained and does remain the same.

The "stars" themselves are writing the writing on the wall. And the public, any day now, may be expected to sharpen its pencil and put in the additional punctuation. It is up to the people!

White

RENEE KELLY
Appearing in "Peggy" at the Casino Theatre

IN THE GREAT DESERT. TRAVELLERS AND CAMELS SEEKING SHELTER IN AN OLD FRENCH FORT FROM THE ONCOMING SANDSTORM

Staging a Sandstorm

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE

THE busiest actor on the stage of the Century Theatre, where Robert Hichens' drama, "The Garden of Allah," is still attracting large crowds, is the sand man. Though he occupies the centre of the stage only about one-fifth of the time that it takes Lewis Waller to give Boris Androvsky's long soliloquy, he nevertheless grips the audience more than any other incident in the play.

While the sand man does not appear in the cast, still he is very much in evidence behind the scenes. For his one big scene he requires the entire stage from the foots to the back drop, from wings to wings and from the boards to the flies; and for his quick-change dressing-room he must have the great thirty-foot-deep pit, the breadth and depth of the stage itself, which extends under the stage. For his "make-up" he requires almost a ton of dry colors for the ground alone, and no less than three hundred pounds of powder for the high lights. In making up he has to use eight tables, and is assisted by thirty dressers in putting on his costume. His "make-up" is put on with the aid of a dozen powerful electrical blowers, in order to give the right blend, and his costume is made to fly before the breeze by an electrically-driven stage gale that would make the winds of Chicago's lake front seem like a gentle summer's night air ripple. He makes his entrance at top speed and keeps on moving in a whirling-dervish sort of a way throughout the scene, occupying the centre and every other part of the stage at once and all the time until the close of his speech, which is the most heart-body-and-soul-rending in the whole play, filling the minds and hearts of the audience with all the emotions that exist between earth and sky.

In order to stage the sandstorm in "The Garden of Allah," in spirit and in truth, George C. Tyler, of the firm of Liebler and Company, went into the heart of the great Sahara Desert, accompanied by Hugh Ford, general stage director, and Edward A. Morange, of the firm of Gates and Morange, scenic artists, and laid siege to an actual and ferocious sandstorm which they captured and have transported in all its fiery temper to the Century Theatre, New York.

Mr. Tyler sent his automobile to Cherbourg, and from there the motor trip into the desert began. At Marseilles, they embarked on the Ville d'Oran, a small boat, to the African coast. After a rough passage the party reached Philippeville, from which point they put out for the Sahara. On the road between El-Arrouch and Le Hamma the sight of the "devil wagon" spread consternation, once entirely demoralizing a caravan, causing a stampede of camels. After some hours of speeding over the sands of time, the party passed El Kantara. Another hour and they arrived at an oasis in the centre of which lies the city of Biskra. Here they met Mr. Hichens, and after a reading of the dramatization of his novel amid the true atmosphere suggested in the book, they started out to reach the heart of the desert. Their's was the first automobile that had ever penetrated the sands of the Sahara, and this it did to such an extent that on one occasion it sank so deep it took six donkeys and a camel to pull it out of the hole it dug as it plowed through the sand, embedding itself deeper and deeper with each drive. They were no sooner out of this difficulty than they ran into a real sandstorm.

"We had been gone from Biskra a short three hours," said Mr. Morange, "when we began to find it necessary to put on our goggles and raincoats to protect our bodies from the sand, lifted and swirled around by intermittent, playful gusts of wind. Looking at a herd of camels, probably an eighth of a mile away, we noticed that different groups of them would suddenly be veiled to our view while others to both sides would be perfectly visible. Turning to look at the low hills that stand out dark against the sands in front of them and darker still against the sky beyond, we saw faintly what appeared to be steam, along the surface in various shapes, rising from the sands as they approached the dark hills, and veiling them until they, the sky above and the sands in front melted into one even tone of light, misty, yellowish gray. Around the veiled mass the sun was shining. A feeling of discomfort, not unmixed with anxiety, possessed

THE AMERICAN THEATRE MANAGER'S AUTOMOBILE STUCK IN THE SAND OF THE DESERT

our party as the bright sun, with which we started out, disappeared. To move our jaws but slightly found us grinding sand with our teeth, and we instinctively tied our handkerchiefs around our heads, covering our nostrils and securing some protection for the mouth. We could no longer pick out the road that but a few moments before was well defined by the ruts made by the mail diligence that regularly struggles between Biskra and Touggourt. The shifting sand had been blown over the road as snow might obscure a highway. We had gone to the desert for 'atmosphere' and we were getting it with a vengeance.

"We stopped the car, as we all agreed that it would be dangerous to proceed. From the direction from which we had noticed many little whirling steam-like gusts appear, we were now startled by the appearance of a huge irregular cloud, probably a hundred feet in width, moving rapidly toward us. A curious feature of it was that the bottom of it seemed to clear the ground, often rising and sinking alternatively. The color of the cloud was much darker than that of the sands around it. It was of a rather dirty yellowish red, but very luminous in quality. A half dozen camels that we could dimly distinguish, crouched or knelt, huddled together, stretching their necks close to the ground, their heads turned toward the approaching cloud. "The edge of this cloud, nearest to us, seemed entirely independent of the surrounding atmosphere, but as we were directly in its path, we instinctively closed our eyes, crouched in the automobile and turned our backs on it, as one would a blinding onslaught of snow and sleet. We were conscious of a hot, stinging sensation in the parts of our flesh exposed and a peculiar whistling, swirling rush of something passing over us for a few seconds. When I partially opened my eyes, I realized that it was almost as dark as night. When it grew lighter, we found ourselves in a yellowish, smoky fog of fine sand. We had to wait for probably fifteen minutes before the air cleared sufficiently for us to distinguish objects fifty feet away. Protected in the car as well as we were, we were still half-choked with sand. Little piles of sand were heaped up in front of the wheels and in all places that would allow them to form, as drifts of snow might pile. At this moment, we fully realized the oppressiveness of this dreary waste, this awful ocean of seemingly boundless sand."

Morrison

ELIZABETH MURRAY

Popular Irish comedienne seen as Catherine in "Madame Sherry"

The question now was how to transfer the real, living sandstorm to the stage of the Century Theatre. Stage sandstorms date back more than twenty years, when one was introduced in Fanny Davenport's production of "Gismonda." This sandstorm, naturally, was very crude, since in those days there was no such thing as light effects nor stage mechanism. The players themselves created the sandstorm by tossing handsful of Fuller's earth over their heads to the accompaniment of the rubbing of sandpaper in the wings to give the suggestion of wind blowing. Belasco put over the first realistic sandstorm in "Under Two Flags," causing Fuller's earth to be blown through funnel-like machines from the wings, while at the same time stereopticon cloud storm effects were played on gauze drops. Mr. Belasco also introduced the now famous bending palm to stage sandstorms, to convey the idea of motion. Once when "Under Two Flags" was produced in San Francisco the local stage manager told the property man to get something that could be blown across the stage, to be used in the sandstorm scene. There was not time for a scene rehearsal, but the property man connected a "blower" made out of a soap box with the ventilating system, and as the cue was given, tossed heaps of flour into the box to be blown over the stage. The play ended right there, with scenery and everything covered as if a blizzard had struck the place! It required weeks to get the flour off of the scenery, to which it stuck and hardened. Last year Frederic Thompson introduced a sandstorm in a scene showing the Western Bad Lands, sawdust being blown from the wings. But the sawdust scattered everywhere, even into the orchestra.

Messrs. Tyler and Ford found no bending palms in the storm they witnessed and encountered on the Sahara, so no bending palms appear in "The Garden of Allah" sandstorm. Yet motion is suggested by other means—the robes of an Arab going across the stage waving, the sides of the Arab tent flapping in the wind, the garment of Batouch, Domini's servant, fluttering when he emerges from the tent to tighten the anchorage rope to the windward. Besides these things, there is the whirling swirling sand forming real sandspouts, such as have never before found their way on the stage.

To create the actual whirlwind that blows the sand at the Century Mr. Ford installed under the stage a series of powerful electric blowers, and connected these with pipes leading up through the stage flooring at carefully planned points of vantage. One set of pipes is located by the left-stage tormentor near the front of the tent, and another on the other side of the proscenium by the right-stage tormentor. There is another set of these pipes hidden behind the tent towards the centre of the stage, and still another set back stage. The pipe sets consist of four pipes such as are used for drain-pipes on houses, of different heights and with the openings placed at slightly different angles. Under the stage alongside of the electric blowers are two rows of troughs, one on either side of the stage, into which a dozen men feed the "sand," which is forced up the pipes and blown at a rate far exceeding that of any windstorm ever experienced on land or sea! In all there are twenty blowers, arranged in four series of five each. Another single blower is placed in the left-stage tormentor and blows only air, to dispel the continuous streams of sand blown through the pipes by the other blowers. The pipes are so placed and arranged on the stage as to provide a continuous whirling swirl of sand, never ending, never-ceasing, ever increasing in its fiery fury, until the storm quiets down and the light of day brightens the scene.

Mr. Ford placed the pipes at different angles so that each one would send a stream of sand that would cut and dispel the stream from another pipe, thus obtaining a continuous spiral sandspout instead of a streak of sand like the tail of a comet from each pipe. Also, the three sets of pipes used for creating the sandstorm are started and worked alternately, beginning with the set in front of the tent, then the set at the right side of the proscenium, and finally the set beside the tent, towards the centre of the stage. This alternate movement *(Continued on page viii)*

ARNOLD BENNETT AS PLAYWRIGHT

By ARCHIE BELL

ARNOLD BENNETT

ONE of Arnold Bennett's most striking characteristics is his determination. Would it were otherwise! And yet, without that same determination, he would doubtless be a grubber in old Fleet street, writing reviews, essays, paragraphs and reflections upon the passing show of life, and the reading world would not be feasting itself upon his delicious novels.

When he was a newspaper man, his most loyal friends told him that he could never become a successful novelist. He was determined to prove otherwise. When he outlined his plans for a first novel, they told him that he must alter all these things and conform to existing standards, aiming for popularity if he would succeed, "writing down" to the level of his prospective purchasers and readers, and, above all other things, he must practice the art of abbreviation. But he was determined to write two-hundred-thousand-word novels, determined not to "write down," and firmly set in his notions of what his subjects should be, and the manner in which he would treat them.

At first, and for several years, in fact, it was as the friends had predicted. Bennett was overlooked, and his literary product attracted little attention. But his determination won. If the public wouldn't accept one long novel, dealing with the most common and everyday affairs of life, he would try another. A strange theory for obtaining success, but he had confidence in himself and in his work. His pen was never idle. He thinks he is lazy if he has not produced 500,000 words in a year. He never permits himself more than a two-day vacation. He is determined to succeed, and now that overwhelming success has crowned his efforts in fiction, he is turning his attention to the theatre.

"I'll write two plays a year until I have proved that successful fiction writing is not a handicap to successful playwriting," he said to an interviewer. He dotes on smashing the traditions, and one of these is that the man who writes "best sellers" for the fiction counters cannot hope to be a great commercial success in the theatre, although such men as Barrie, Hall Caine, Richard Harding Davis and others, have met with considerable success as playwrights, after first winning their laurels as novelists.

Not long ago Jerome K. Jerome was quoted as saying that the writer of the present time could not afford to spend his days with the novel. Fiction, according to this writer, no longer pays, or at least not in any measure comparable to the rewards of the playwright. Edward Peple, Mr. Davis, and others, have voiced a similar sentiment, but what they have said does not hold good in the case of a prolific novelist like Arnold Bennett. Novel writing has paid him handsomely during the past seven years, and will doubtless continue to do so. His philosophical sketches, essays, reviews and travel pictures are in great demand by the publishers. It is said that an American firm advanced him the sum of 5,000 pounds sterling for his "impressions" of America and the Americans, for which he is now collecting the material during a visit to New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco. Unlike some of his literary masters, Bennett is said to be a first-rate business man. He knows how to drive a bargain. He spent many years of apprenticeship in the service of London newspapers and periodicals. He has traveled far, and has been a keen observer of life in its various forms, as denoted by the penetrating studies in his novels.

But just now, Bennett yearns to be a playwright. In fact, he is a playwright already. He has written something like twenty plays, none of which has been a great commercial success. But, as before noted, he is determined. His latest work, "The Honeymoon," which was produced in London, with Marie Tempest in the principal part, on the eve of his sailing for America, is thought to be destined to a run of something like 100 nights. Another failure!

"But, you see, I am gaining ground," says Bennett, cheerfully. "I have experienced a 'run' of one consecutive night with plays, so an advance to one hundred is progress. The principal thing is that I have a message to deliver in the theatre. I know it, just as I knew that I had something to say in fiction. I learned from early experience with my novels that the British public is not quick to accept my attitude. Whatever vogue I enjoy at the present time at home has come up gradually, almost imperceptibly, it seems. Not so in America, however, for it seems to me that one morning I suddenly awakened to find that my books were selling in large quantities in this country."

In similar fashion, although he does not admit it, there is the likelihood that Mr. Bennett expects the theatre-going public will one day take a sudden fancy to his dramatic works. If that time comes, he is well equipped against the day. He has a good stock of plays already tried out, and there are many which he has not yet written, which are already buzzing in his mind. Up to now, playwriting has been something of a side-issue with him. He had first to convince readers that he was worthy of their time and attention. Now he is in earnest concerning the play.

Bennett's failures have not been like the failures of other men, however, for there has been a big demand for his printed plays, immediately they were withdrawn from the boards. Perhaps the best known of his dramas in America is "What the Public Wants," a brilliantly conceived satire upon modern conditions in the printing and publishing world, which is executed with a technical skill that suggests at once Shaw, Brieux, and Galsworthy. This very technique, however, seems to be the millstone about his neck that drags him down to the waters of theatrical impossibility. He draws characters with a certainty that cannot be questioned. His themes are vital and poignant. He writes dialogue that is more than clever. It sparkles and cracks with a brilliancy that awes and amazes. Still he does not write drama that is to be acted—or, at least, he has not done so in this characteristic effort. One reads it with a relish and enjoys the flavor, all the time regretting nevertheless that it is not a novel, and that Mr. Bennett, who, left to his own devices of extensive phrasing, has not further developed this and that episode, as he knows so well how to do it, instead of handicapping himself with the sharper and more abbreviated form of stage requirements.

Photo Bert

SUZANNE DESPRES IN DE GONCOURT'S DRAMA "LA FILLE ELISA"

Suzanne Després—A Great French Tragedienne

By GERTRUDE NORMAN

SUZANNE DESPRÈS is little known in America, yet to those travelled theatregoers who can appreciate the art of acting at its highest, the reputation throughout Europe of this remarkable little French woman is scarcely second to that of Duse.

All who have studied the art of the great Italian tragedienne know of her overwhelming adherence to the truth in all its simplicity, terror and beauty, of the trail she blazed, the bridges she built, the planes of desolation and uncomprehending obtuseness she traversed, to carve her new pathway, alongside which the so-called natural methods of other artists revealed themselves almost as violent melodrama or cold artifice to conceal a lack of temperament. Faithfully has Suzanne Després followed in the footsteps of her unsurpassable colleague; encouraged, befriended and admired by her, and their two silhouettes stand out against a lonely but so utterly beautiful sky, unique in their world, not so much, perhaps, because of their being more gifted than other artists of our time, but because of their *complete difference.*

There is a curious and noticeably striking resemblance between these two great artists; more a psychical than a physical one, although Suzanne Després's power is more morbid, violent, less tender and poetic than the great Italian's. But both have achieved isolated positions by virtue of their realistic methods and with comparatively little to aid them. Small women both, unbeautiful according to the world's standard of beauty, indifferent to personal appearance, but enveloped in a strange loveliness and unescapable charm all their own—the Italian with her benediction of mystic suffering, hovering between a great, luminous spirituality, and a cryptic, almost neurotic gloom as of one who had dreamed too much, and the French woman with her pallid, sorrowful face, stamped with an almost ferocious ambition, that look which one comes to know on the faces of the sublimely self-absorbed, a fierce capacity to suffer, to comprehend the desolation of loneliness, a woman more occupied with the psychological mystery and possibilities of her own ego than absorbed in a too great power to lavish love and a wealth of burning tenderness on others, which one conceives, haunts the yearnings of the deep-eyed Duse.

There are as great, perhaps even greater actresses than these two; but I speak of them as artists, and also together, because of the similarity of their dream; their unswerving faithfulness to their star, and in that they both have often entered a deep midnight unknown to the frailer imaginations of more brilliant technicians and interpreters, from whence they have brought us tears and dreams and flowers, never seen before but in the hidden recesses of the life of silence and of vision. Some dark and sweet disaster seems to envelop them, to emanate from their remote voices, the elusive look too wise for much joy—the lines of ecstasy and pain around the tortured lips—the empty gestures of the hands, as of those who have sought for ideals and found

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SUZANNE DESPRES AS ELECTRA

ELEANORA DUSE, THE ITALIAN TRAGEDIENNE, PAYING A VISIT TO RODIN, THE SCULPTOR

A very beautiful friendship between two great artists is that of Eleanora Duse, the actress, and Rodin, the sculptor. Both highly intellectual, they find much in common. The great Italian actress never visits Paris without paying her respects to the sculptor at his home in Meudon, outside of Paris. At one time the actress prepared a dinner for Rodin at his home—a real Italian dinner, for the actress can cook as well as she can act, which is sufficient praise for her culinary gifts. In her early days it was necessary for her to know how to cook, and she still remembers the art, and delights to prepare delicious dishes occasionally for her friends. Duse recently startled the theatrical world by announcing the opinion that "to save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague, they poison the air, they make art impossible." This bitter denunciation was taken to be a vigorous protest against the invasion of commercialism on the stage

realities; sought for love, and have found naught but vanishing forms or a handful of ashes.

These two artists are so different to other interpreters in the dramatic form that it is difficult to say if they are forerunners of a deeper, more comprehensive, spiritual and enlarged view of the vast possibilities of dramatic art, or if they are but symbols of a type so curiously pregnant now in the other arts—in poetry, music, painting—that symbolistic wave so miscalled decadent, because so misunderstood. The esoteric charm they emanate we meet in the deep and troubled souls of the creators of the symbolist movement in literature. That haunting look of the eyes do we not feel it in the poems breathed out by the Celtic mystics; does it not shine out from their purple twilights? Do we not hear it in the heart-ache and the throb which palpitates in the music of Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Wolff? Do we not see this cosmic unanswerable grief in Rodin, Maeterlinck, Verhaaren, Sinding, Zuloaga? Perhaps for this very reason these two artists, Duse and Desprès so seldom appear in dramas all embracing enough for the depth of their comprehensions or the magic mystery of their personalities.

There is "a sadness beyond sadness, a grief beyond all pain" in the pale and poignant face of this remarkable little French woman who, despite her rare appearances in Paris, has stamped herself indubitably on the art-loving souls of her more serious-minded countrymen, and has won for herself in Germany, Austria, Roumania, Bulgaria, Scandinavia, Egypt, and Turkey even, the name of one of the greatest living tragediennes. "Nothing concerns me but the Truth," says Suzanne Desprès, and as she sees it so does she reveal it.

In first coming in contact with this small, curious, remote woman,—with her short but graceful form, pale face, determined jaw, almost English in its length and heaviness, the smooth, straight, dark hair, worn close to the head and severely parted on one side like a boy's, the introspective ecstatic eyes, belonging to a brain intense in all its moments, bent with a ferocious concentration on a single aim domineering in all its moods, despite a very great timidity, individual in all its outlooks,—one is impressed and haunted, long after having met her, with the ineradicable sense of grief which almost unconsciously seems to possess her. She has gay moods, moods of enthusiasm, childlike simplicity, humor and fun, nevertheless a sadness envelops her which has something akin to the Norwegian, Flemish and Russian gloom which enclouds its children in an instinctive, morbid, advanced psychology. A curious combination of astonishing mental culture, with a remarkably untouched primitive simplicity, enfolds these hearts of flame, of whom Suzanne Desprès is so marked a type. Their knowledge has so much of disillusion in it, their endeavor so much of hopelessness.

There is something stubborn, almost violent, in the personality of this tragedienne. She reveals herself volcanically when at last one comes to talk with her, and the timid reserve which enchains her breaks down. Her voice is pregnant with a husky, vibrant quality, a little combative; its cadence tells one, with her eyes, of the pathway of grief, seeming failure, starvation, and ever unending struggle. The eyes are indeed beautiful—grey-blue, full of a radiant intelligence, tender, gloomy, a little suspicious, as of one who has many times been betrayed in her faith. Life has not been gentle to her, but out of the discord she has made a marvellous harmony, a music like unto Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This melody enfolds her like some clinging garment of deep and omniscient knowledge.

She wears as a rule soft, neutral tinted gowns, severe in line—greys and dull browns, well suited to her small, sombre self. Her movements are vital with decision, buoyant with the un-

trammeled freedom of one who is unconscious of the body, yet using it to express the moods of her soul, like the tones of her voice, the look of the eyes, the beautiful, firm, boyish movements of the hands. In her face, "so strangely set, of some strange, inherited regret," the face of Duse has become tender by her wisdom of life. The face of Desprès has become wise, but tragic, distrustful, with an almost brutal intensity. The flame of her consciousness is overpowering in its ardency, and by reason of this she has not her equal among modern artists in such plays as "Phèdre," "Medea," "Electra," "Elisa" (in de Goncourt's play,) "Germinal," in Zola's drama, or those of Ibsen, despite the indubitable greatness of a Bartet, Réjane, Weber, Sorel, Simone or many remarkable German and Italian artists. She brings the remoteness of the classic dramas closer to us than the regal elocutionary methods of the declamatory school and curiously invests the modern, psychological play with a classic majesty by very reason of the intimacy of her methods. She attracts one by her almost repellent charm and by that poetic power to reveal to one, one's secret mood, one's isolated experience, the ever unspoken hidden complications of the questioning soul. There is a psychic touch of divination in her portrayals, an elemental power in this Parisian born artist; yet how completely un-Parisian when she gives way to her primitive passions of hate, desire, love, anguish. She seems then to be betraying universal buried moods, cryptic memories, banished desires, when the forces of her genius possess her. And perhaps it is this terrible adherence to truth, *the* truth, which our whole social and artistic life would deny, that withholds from her the success and admiration of the average theatre-going public. We want life presented to us "smilingly envisaged," and when a forceful personality presents it to us with the old burning tragedy in the eyes, and without the spiritual conviction of a joy deeper than all pain, a hope more absolute than any loss, we resent it and too often, alas, reject the genius who is manifesting to us a portion of the truth which must be faced and conquered before the greater glory can come.

Her private life is one of constant, persistent endeavor; very different to the brilliant, social life led by so many stars of the French stage. She is difficult to know, seeking solitude and remoteness, as if contact with the superficial, aimless life of the admirers of great artists would take from her some portion of her inner vision, some energy from her inspiration and her dream. Her joy, recreation, passion, are all contained in that one word, "work." She lives almost always in a fever of mental intoxication, of a burning desire to absorb, interpret. Her home is like herself—quiet, sombre but compelling in tone. One room pervaded with the erotic, almost mystic side of her nature; the other clear and primitive like some room in a far Norwegian home. The salon is full of rare, old furniture, dark and Japanese in suggestion, the walls hung with original paintings of her arresting, questioning face. A large bust of Ibsen on the mantel and a massive torso of a nude dancer by Rodin dominating all. The latter, a work of art, pitiless, realistic, cruel, yet supremely delicate in execution, strangely resembles the work of Desprès herself. When last the writer saw her it was the day after a miraculous performance of "Electra" and "L'Amour de Kesa." She brought out a new part she had been copying almost the entire night after her return from the theatre, too wrought up by the stupendousness of her effort for sleep, and so to quiet herself she wrote and studied till five in the morning. The atmosphere of superb deeds accomplished still hung around her despite the tragic tiredness of her face. She can never study a part from the printed manuscript. It says nothing to her, so she copies the entire play in her own handwriting into a copy-book. When the play is taken from the repertoire she destroys it and if it is again produced in a few years she copies and relearns it entirely afresh.

Born of the people, Suzanne Desprès owes much to her origin, her so strongly marked character and temperament, the exalted obstinacy which so typifies the French people, that interior force

Moffett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF NANCE O'NEIL

which is nourished on obstacles, and ends by using them all as a means to success, as "kites which rise against and not with the wind." She seems to become fortified by battle, excited by difficulties, and all her sentiments, inclinations, feelings spring from vigorous and far-reaching roots. She comes to us, as a Gorky, with untrammeled emotions. The school of life, in close, rough contact, has been her teacher. Not as an observer has she learned, which is so often the only way of knowledge for so many artists, who have had no real communion with the life they are called upon to interpret—the life of poverty, rejection, agony and infinite struggle. From her earliest years she has had to work. Daughter of a mechanic on the railroads she entered the public schools at the age of twelve, soon after to go out and earn her own living, and add her mite to the meagre

means of the family. This obligation to work had the advantage of bringing with it a certain amount of freedom, unknown to those brought up in more sheltered homes, and the little "modiste" apprentice used her freedom according to the imperative demands of her genius. She went to the theatre. She walked from her home in the suburbs to her place of work in the rue de la Paix, to and from, every day, thus saving the five sous which her father allowed her for her train fare. At the end of the week she found herself the rich possessor of thirty sous (sixty cents), which enabled her to go to the top gallery of the Théâtre Français, the palace of her dreams, with two sous for the *ouvreuse* and four sous for an orange. The entire sum was swallowed up in this orgy and the young girl would walk home at one o'clock in the morning, reciting like one possessed. One day, the brilliant, iconoclastic young director, Lugné-Poé, then beginning to win fame for himself, not only as an actor but as the ambitous editor of the art magazine *L'Oeuvre* and director of the theatre of the same name (the man who since has familiarized Paris with many remarkable plays from every country, and has brought to Paris, not only Duse, but Grasso, Zacconi, Duncan, the Japanese and Chinese players, and the first man to produce Maeterlinck), received a letter from a painter friend asking him to interest himself in a young girl whom he thought might have talent. An interview was arranged, Suzanne Desprès came, timid, but convinced; recited, and won not only the artistic interest of the young director, but also his heart. Within three months she made her first appearance in "Chariot de Terre Cuite," a Hindoo play, and later entered the Conservatoire, now the wife of Lugné-Poé. At the Conservatoire she won the two first prizes for both tragedy and comedy (but oh! the galling memory of those times of indefatigable labor, discouragement, the fevers of fear, the lack of comprehension, despite the official recognition, except from her husband and a few penetrative souls, such as Maurice Maeterlinck!) When she left the Conservatoire she was engaged by the Vaudeville Theatre, but after several rehearsals they decided not to let her appear, and if it had not been for the extensive tours arranged for her by the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, and the constant encouragement of her husband, she would have been completely discouraged by the obdurateness of public, of the "boulevard," as they say in Paris, of the directors, critics and even colleagues. They remained suspicious, distrustful before the originality of her methods and the pale, curious personality. At last Jules Lemaitre, hunting for a creator for his "Ainée," heard of her, and in a spirit of intuitive kindness engaged her for the rôle.

Photo Stoll

MME. NORDICA SINGING IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

But he was so disappointed in her work at the rehearsals that he wanted at the eleventh hour to take the rôle from her. Luckily he was dissuaded and the play proved for him a success. But for Suzanne Desprès it was a triumph—the triumph of Paris at last!

Since then she has appeared in success after success; not only at her husband's theatre but with the famous Antoine, (who at one time ridiculed her genius), at the Gynmase and in Zola's "L'Assommoire" with Guitry, in which she made a clamorous success. Then came her recognition and engagement by the reserved, difficult to please Théâtre Français, the one-time far-off palace of her dreams; that temple of the classics and home of great traditions and all perfections, and yet—alas often, too, the home of buried temperaments and abandoned hopes. It has evolved a Bartet and a Sorel, but its atmosphere was crushing to the ardent, progressive, severely realistic little Desprès, and, after a too audacious portrayal of Phèdre, the bird spread its as yet unclipped wings and flew away again to freedom and the uncertainty of the struggle. This action on her part built up against her amongst a very large public, those lovers of old traditions, what ere they be, those respectors of ancient temples, a very definite prejudice such as was launched against her great colleague, Sarah Bernhardt, years before, and which has taken all the courage of her genius to efface. But by her performances in Esbrouffe's "Fille Sauvage," Gorki's "Les Bas Profonds," D'Annunzio's "Gioconda," and "La Fille de Jorio," and Ibsen's "Doll's House," she established herself as the most remarkable and original of tragediennes. She has made three triumphal tours to South America with Antoine, and every year makes extensive tours to Prussia, Austria, Scandinavia, etc. In 1906 she and her friend, Eleanora

(*Continued on page vi*)

Head of Oscar Hammerstein on his new London Opera House

2,000 CONVICTS IN THE SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY, CALIFORNIA, WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"

Convicts See a Play of Convict Life

By ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

PERHAPS the most unique theatrical performance ever given was that which recently took place at the San Quentin Penitentiary, California. Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams have played at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, and Nordica sang there out in the open air under the star-canopied sky; but it was reserved for H. B. Warner, the actor, to conceive the idea of giving a similar performance to the convicts in California's biggest prison.

Two thousand men watched the playing of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in the prison yard of San Quentin Penitentiary. Outwardly they were "not as other men." They had striped clothing, shaved heads, saddened faces, lined and seamed, hardened, yet perhaps softened in a line here and there by years of suffering and endurance. It was a kind thought that prompted the idea of this performance for men forgotten and shunned by the world, and that kindness was deeply and tearfully appreciated. That the result is far-reaching and good is almost obvious.

The play was staged with the prison wall for a background, and while the action was in progress armed guards paced back and forth like sentinels on the walls of some ancient baronial castle, ever alert for an invading enemy. The prison yard has a natural slope backward from the wall, and this formed a sort of amphitheatre around which chairs were arranged in a way that enabled every man to get a view of the stage. The twenty-four women prisoners were seated in the front row, and Warden Hoyle had, with his usual kindness, seen to it that even the prisoners condemned to death were not forgotten in this wonderful treat. He had good seats reserved for them, to show sympathy for these unfortunates, who must soon pay the penalty for their crimes.

The day was warm and sunshiny, and two thousand convicts made the strangest audience to which actors have ever played. The prisoners—under the instruction of Albert Cowles, of the visiting theatrical company—had built the stage, and were eagerly interested in their novel work.

When the actors, who had been presenting the play at the Cort Theatre in San Francisco, arrived, the prisoners were all excitement. Some of them had not seen a woman for many years, and the actresses, dressed in their up-to-date gowns, beautiful hats, and trim shoes, were a sight to gladden the eyes of the "prison birds." The men, too, in their fresh, well-cut clothes, must have occasioned a gripping, sinking feeling at the heart of these striped unfortunates, who gazed on their opposites—free, happy, prosperous men from the outside world. What a book it would make to analyze the thoughts of those convicts as the players were shown through the prison, in and out of the dining-rooms, the work-shops and chapel, while they, heartsick and remorseful, looked on. Perhaps some of the prisoners had bitterness and hatred in their hearts, but the majority felt only gratitude and pleasure, both towards the players and the warden. Their attitude was proof of this. They were quiet and attentive, so that not a word of the play might be lost.

No actors ever had a more appreciative audience. The convicts laughed at the sallies, applauded when some telling point was made, frowned at injustice, and wept at the pathos of Jimmy Valentine's position. Not a word escaped them. Their own predicament was forgotten, apparently they were wholly absorbed; tears streamed down the faces of the men. The children made a special appeal—bright, sweet, beautiful little tots, who won their share of applause and appreciation.

There were men in that prison who had children. What must their feelings have been! They laughed when the convict got the

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Marie Doro on the witness stand

THE DIVORCE COURT TRIAL SCENE IN HEMMARDE NEILSON'S DRAMA "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

better of the warden in a battle of words and they scowled at a villainous trick—just as people do in the theatres in the cities. There were men in that vast striped audience who breathlessly watched the play, who never expected to see the outside world again—"lifers," and men whose heads are already bent with age, and the end of whose term stretches too far into the future for anything but the faintest glimmer of hope—a miracle, perhaps—an unlooked for pardon—to keep the spark alive. There were youths there, whose terms are short, and nearly finished. These surely must have made new and strong resolutions. That sermon of "Jimmy Valentine" produced on a stage in the open air must have gone to heavy hearts as few sermons preached in the prison chapel have ever done.

The last act was over, eyes were wiped, noses blown, and the prisoners gave their thanks through one who had an address of gratitude. They thanked Mr. Warner, the leading man, and Miss Phyllis Sherwood, the leading woman, and all the other actors, and their warden; and they are still talking of it, discussing it from a personal and dramatic standpoint, and comparing opinions on the actors.

It was a kind deed on the part of Mr. Warner. He realized the particular appeal this play would make to convicts, the hope with which it might inspire them, and the lesson of endeavor and principle it might instill in these forgotten, outcast men; and it was a kind thing that Warden Hoyle did to give his consent and assistance to all this. Ever since his incumbency in the office, conditions at San Quentin have slowly but steadily improved. There is no more cruelty practised there, and in so far as it has been possible, the warden has tried to take some of the oppressive burdens from the prisoners in his charge. His letter to the public shows his interest in his work and his hope for fallen man:

"This performance to-day is a great thing for the prison. It marks a new era in the public attitude toward convicts. It shows the prisoners, as nothing else could do, that the community has sympathy and encouragement for them.

"From another standpoint it will have an excellent effect. It will serve to interest the public in the prisons of the State and to make society realize that it owes a duty of humanity to the men who are confined within prison walls. It will help remove the idea of punishment as the purpose of imprisonment and substitute the idea of the higher purpose of correction.

"We want the prisoners to know—as this play points out—that a convict who tries to reform will be given a chance and encouragement to work out his regeneration." "Warden Hoyle."

The players have gone their way; the incident for them is a pleasant memory. For the convicts it was a light in darkness, the touch of a sympathetic hand; and the memory of a kindly act that will be cherished 'til the drop of the last curtain, and the waning flicker of the last light.

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MME. NAZIMOVA AND FRANK GILLMORE IN PIERRE WOLFF'S COMEDY "THE MARIONETTES" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Maggie Teyte—the Diminutive Prima Donna

By RICHARD SAVAGE

A TINY little figure, in the dress of a page, parted the curtains at the back of the stage, a plaintive little face appeared in the opening, and Miss Maggie Teyte, smallest, youngest of prima donnas, made her first appearance on the American operatic stage. The occasion was the first matinée at the Philadelphia Opera House, on the afternoon of November 4th; the opera, Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and it was as Cherubino, the youthful page, a rôle in which she took London by storm, that this gifted young girl captivated the hearts of her American audience. Of her success there was no doubt, and after the familiar aria, *Voi che sapete,* the house rose to her, and demanded its repetition. Subsequent appearances in Philadelphia, Chicago and in concert in New York—for Miss Teyte is as much at home in the latter as in the former field—have but endeared her the more to the public.

Bert, Paris MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS MIGNON

Miss Teyte is absurdly young looking, even for her few years (she is just past twenty), and as she sat chatting in the drawing room of her Chicago hotel, one would have thought, to look at her, that she was some blushing school girl anticipating her coming-out party, rather than a full-fledged prima donna.

She has been called English and Irish, both countries being anxious to claim her, so one of the first questions asked her by the present writer was which nationality she actually claimed. Miss Teyte laughed, and her answer practically leaves the reader to settle the question.

"My mother's father was Scotch. As a little child I remember often hearing her say: 'My father never wore trousers in his life.' It used to puzzle me greatly to know what she meant until I was old enough to realize that, of course, she meant that he had always worn a kilt. He married an Irish woman, and their son, my father, was far more Irish than Scotch. My mother was English, and I was born in England. Now then, what is my nationality?" she concluded, and the question proved too difficult for immediate solution.

Irish certainly are the big grey eyes with their dark lashes, and most of her listeners insist that only Irish blood could account for the artistic temperament displayed by the tiny singer. Miss Teyte's father was an accomplished amateur pianist, who studied seriously in Leipzig, although he never put his talent to professional use. All of her mother's family were musical, and so it is not surprising to hear that the future artist sang as a mere child. As a child, too, she began her vocal studies with her first and only teacher, Jean De Reské.

"I do wish you would emphasize the fact that I never studied with anyone in my life but M. De Reské," said Miss Teyte earnestly. "There seems to be an impression in America that he never trained any artist entirely, but there are at least five of us now singing before the public who have never had any other teacher." Among these five is Mme. Saltzman-Stevens, who joins the Chicago company later.

"I made my début in opera three and a half years ago, as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni,' at Monte Carlo," she continued, "and from there went to the Opéra Comique to sing Mélisande, after Miss Mary Garden left. I shall never forget my first meeting with M. Debussy. I was sent for to sing the music for him. I arrived first. I was smaller, thinner than I am now," she mused (as a matter of fact, one would not call her thin; slim, slight, willowy, certainly, but a round little figure), "and my hair was down my back in a pigtail. Presently M. Debussy came into the room, and glanced at me. Dubiously he asked:

"'Pardon me, but is this Miss Teyte?'

"'*Oui, Monsieur,*' I replied.

"'Are you Miss Maggie Teyte?'

"'*Oui, Monsieur.*'

"'Pardon me, but are you Miss Maggie Teyte of the Opéra Comique?' he again questioned.

"'*Oui, Monsieur.*'

"A resigned expression came over his face, and he seated himself at the piano. I knew he was disgusted, and wondered why they had sent that child to sing for him, but we began. In a few minutes he paused, and asked me if he might ask his wife to come and hear me. He did so, and from that moment we became friends."

How great is the admiration which the composer feels for his youngest of Melisandes is proved by the fact which Miss Teyte's husband related, namely, that Debussy insists upon her singing his music whenever she is in France, and he is directing a concert. She is engaged for every one of the Debussy festivals directed by the composer, which are to be given in France this coming summer.

"I love the rôle of Melisande," the little prima donna remarked earnestly. "It is so interesting, so beautiful. After my engagement at the Opéra Comique I went to London, to sing at His Majesty's Theatre in the spring of 1910, during Mr. Beecham's season of grand opera. There I sang Cherubino in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' Antonietta in 'Tales of Hoffmann,' another rôle which I find very sympathetic, Suzanna in Mozart's 'Il Seraglio,' an opera not as well known as it should be. Then in the autumn, at Covent Garden, I sang the same rôles, Marguerite in 'Faust' and others. A rôle which I hope I may be able to sing here, and which I have sung on the Riviera, is Mignon in Ambroise Thomas' opera. Mimi in 'La Bohême' is another, and one which I especially hope to sing—I have never done so yet—is Eva in 'Die Meistersinger.' I feel that it would suit me admirably, and should love to sing it."

For the benefit of those who have not yet heard her, it may be well to mention here that Miss Teyte's voice does not match her five feet of height, and generally tiny, fragile appearance. It is surprisingly full and resonant, especially in the upper register, as well as even and smooth.

One of the singer's greatest admirers is Sir Paolo Tosti, the renowned song writer, and whose opinion in London may be said to be law. He declares that Miss Maggie Teyte is the only singer to-day who can sing.

"He has often embarrassed me terribly when I have been singing at some reception where he was present," remarked Miss Teyte. "He would be so extravagant in his praise that I would feel like sinking through the floor."

Scenes in Charles Kenyon's New Play "Kindling" at Daly's Theatre

White

Mrs Bates
(Annie Mack Berlein)

Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)

ACT I. MRS. BATES: "THE LORD MADE THE RULES OF NATURE BEFORE HE MADE THEM TEN COMMANDMENTS"

White

Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)

Heinrich Schultz
(Byron Beasley)

ACT II. HEINRICH: "THE STRIKE'S OFF, AND I START WORK TO-MORROW"

Soldiers of the Seventh Regiment shooting down theatre rioters in Astor Place, New York

When Audiences Get Angry

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE disgraceful scenes enacted recently in a New Haven theatre by college students, who wrecked the auditorium and stormed the stage, because they were dissatisfied with the entertainment, and the still more recent public protest against the plays presented by the Irish Players—protest which, in this city, took the form of actual violence, the actors being pelted by overripe eggs and other objectionable missiles—come as gentle reminders that theatre audiences, patient under much provocation as they seem to be, are sometimes apt to lose their temper, with serious results.

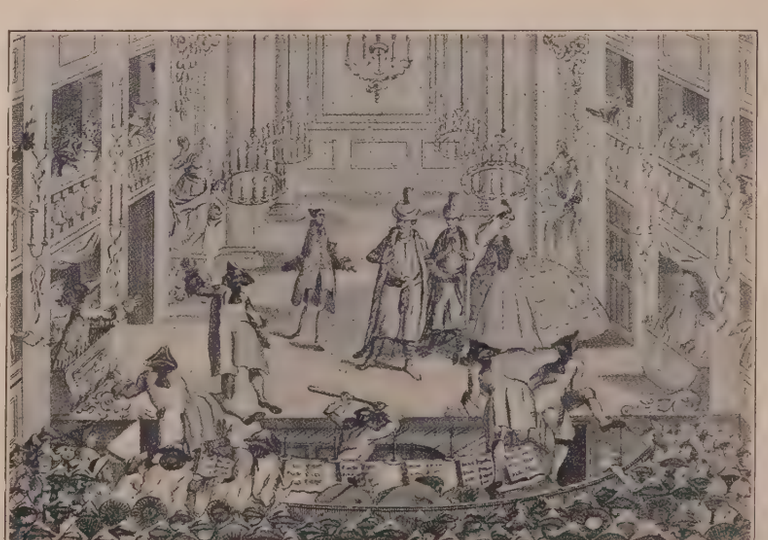
It is really the mob spirit that prompts us to clap at the theatre, the same mob spirit that made some of the admirers of Charlotte Cushman take the horses from her coach on the occasion of her farewell in New York City, and drag her, themselves in the traces, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And it is this spirit reversed —changed from enthusiasm into hatred—that resulted in the wounding of forty-one soldiers during the Astor Place riots. Audiences are quick to rouse, and not easy to quell.

Even that sanctuary of dramatic art, the Théâtre Français, is not exempt from turbulent scenes of this kind. It is only a few months ago that there was an incipient riot in the dignified house of Molière over the production of Bernstein's play, "Après Moi." Some attributed the disturbance to the fact that the author, Henri Bernstein, well-known to America by "The Thief," "Samson," and "Israel," is a Jew, and that the Royalists had carried their anti-Semitic prejudices into the playhouse. Others claimed that the author was unpopular because he had evaded military duty, still others because of the vulgarity of the harem skirt worn by the heroine. Whatever the cause, the disturbance was undoubtedly the outcome of quarrels wholly separate from the theatre itself, and the play, which had been first produced on February 20, 1911, was withdrawn by the author on March 3, 1911. The result was that Daudet, son of the novelist, and a mover in the royalist faction, insulted Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, and Claretie's son fought a duel to avenge his father's honor.

It was not the first time the Comédie had been the scene of public disapproval. Sardou's play, "Thermidor," was howled from the stage for political reasons. Only last spring, when "The Lights o' London" was revived, Mr. Charles Richman was booed by the gallery gods for playing a stereotyped villain's part in grave seriousness.

Actors and managers both sometimes forget how near the brink they are in their relation to the public. For the crowd—once excited—loses its reserve, and either madly destroys others or itself. It was the mob spirit in frantic agony that increased the horrors of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. It is when the audience makes assault upon the theatre itself, and for theatre reasons, that we obtain the typical riots, such as dot the pages of theatrical history.

They start, as all quarrels begin, in a small way, mounting to huge proportions. To-day, we have lost that faction interest in the theatre which was so strong when Edmund Kean fought against Booth, and Edwin Forrest against Macready. For one thing, as far as this country is concerned, there is much more *entente cordiale* between New York and London than there was in those days. The whole irritation preceding the Astor riots came from Forrest's sensitiveness while in England—a sensativeness, no doubt, fanned into a flame by the generally accepted belief that American actors were always slighted.



Riot at Covent Garden during a performance of "Artaxerxes," in 1763

Sometimes these riots are not without their attendant blessings, for, in the very fact that Junius Brutus Booth was the "star" at Covent Garden, while Kean held sway at Drury Lane, lay the reasons why America was to be histrionically enriched by the Booth family. The events of February 25, 1817, are too well-known to descant upon fully; it was a case of a rival blotting the clear horizon of Kean's career. London town split into parties, and at the last hour, due to the stingi-

Scenes in the Scotch Operetta "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric Theatre

White

Little Boy Blue (Gertrude Bryan)

ACT I. LITTLE BOY BLUE AWAITS THE TEST OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT

White

Gaston (Charles Meakins) Daisy (Gertrude Bryan)

ACT II. SINGING "KISS ME, DEAREST, KISS ME, DO"

White

Arnholm (Lionel Belmore) Lyngstrand (Hylton Allen) Ellida Wangel (Hedwig Reicher)

SCENE IN HENRIK IBSEN'S PLAY, "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC BY THE DRAMA PLAYERS

ness of Harris, manager of Covent Garden, Booth deserted for Drury Lane, inveigled over by the wiles of Kean himself. This only infuriated the followers of Covent Garden, who yelled machinations upon the head of Harris, and then went over to Drury Lane to see Booth's Iago face Kean's Othello.

Beginning thus, those who tried in this way to suppress the genius of Booth did not reckon with his temper or his keenness. But he saw soon enough the intention to keep him under for the sake of Kean's career; therefore, with seeming contrite heart, he slipped over to Covent Garden, and on the fateful night, just in time to stop litigation which Harris was about to hurl against him, he appeared as Richard III. His best friends and his worst enemies crowded the house, and, as a consequence, the hours passed in dumb acting, while the rabble hissed and the adherents howled for quiet. Then, seeing the futility of speech, the management raised a placard on which were printed the words, "Grant silence to explain." But the mandate was unheeded. It was useless to flaunt the other placard, "Can Englishmen condemn unheard?" The Keanites and Boothites were too busy to heed any argument, and it was even rumored that Drury Lane was paying for the unseemly demonstration.

On March 1, 3 and 6, the bill at Covent Garden was repeated, but the conflict increased. Crowds surged from the street into the pit; they threw orange peel from the galleries. A mob loves to throw something into the auditorium; during the Bernstein turmoil in Paris the rabble let fly a bevy of pigeons. At Covent Garden they pounded upon doors, and howled, and gradually they became aware that Booth had printed an address for them to read. It must have been as conciliatory as his speech when the last curtain fell; for the audience pardoned him in their mob way. Maybe the whole affair was due to Kean's excessive jealousy; maybe it was the working of over-zealous and rival managers. Certainly the two were towering geniuses, much alike in appearance, and quite similar in the style of their work. But neither of them gained one point of advantage, and though he was not driven to America, undoubtedly Booth's rivalry with Kean hastened his determination. Here, then, was a riot which was caused by what we may call a matter of politics at the theatre.

Of the same type was the Astor Place riot of May 10, 1849, instigated by the ill feeling between Macready and Forrest. If anything, the latter was an ardent American, and physically he was a fearful man to antagonize. His word was law unto himself and, as he thought, unto others. Editors were intimidated when it came to mentioning his name in their papers. He would stop at nothing, even to horsewhipping Nathaniel P. Willis in Washington Square. Having toured England, Forrest accused Macready of coming one night to hiss him while he played. On his return to New York, Forrest enlisted the sympathy of his friends. How much ill feeling had been created was not known to Macready, who set sail on his farewell tour to this country. Forrest was playing at Wallack's Broadway Theatre; Macready went to the Astor Place Opera House, a site used later by the Mercantile Library. On the same night, the two were to play "Macbeth." Again the public split into factions, the friends of Forrest determined that he should not play. Crowds flocked to Astor Place, and there were hisses, followed by a shower of eggs.

The storm rose to its full on May 10. Forrest, in large bills posted next to the Macready announcements, made appeal in this incendiary manner: "Workingmen! Shall Americans or Englishmen rule in this country? The crews of the British steamers have threatened all Americans who shall dare appear this night at the English aristocratic Opera House. Workingmen! Free men! Stand up to your lawful rights!" This meant business in warlike fashion. Therefore, Macready's friends made

WILLIAM BECK

This well-known French baritone is now appearing as the Sheriff in Henry W. Savage's production of Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West"

appeal to the police. They would not compromise, as the actor at first wished to do. When the evening arrived, there were 300 policemen at Astor Place, outside and inside the theatre. When the audience was seated, doors were closed and barred, while the windows were reinforced by planks. The mob had filled the street with paving stones which now were pounded upon the doors and were later to be hurled against the Seventh Regiment, waiting its summons at the armory.

This alarm call came, and the soldiers hurried up Broadway. But the mob forced them to turn into Third Avenue, after several had been wounded. Militia did not seem to awe the people; hence, it was necessary to give orders that all guns be loaded with ball cartridges. No intimidation resulting, the officer of the small army told the city officials present that unless his men were allowed to fire, a retreat would have to be called. That is why the first volley was fired—a volley above the heads of the mob. But a mob cannot be fooled, and no awe followed in the trail of the charge. The second volley was aimed low, and brought death in its wake.

The mob retreated, then rallied; and a third volley brought down thirty-four of the transgressors. Macready had the satisfaction of playing through it all, but it was an uncomfortable evening, besides being a dire one. He dared not brave those outside, so he slipped through a rear entrance and was in secret hiding for two days. His adventures included a trip to Boston, taken in disguise; and from there he sailed for England. So intense was the feeling that the Seventh Regiment remained on the ground for two additional days, without any other undue excitement.

In England, the pit and gallery have in many ways ruled the theatre; even to-day their boohing will send many a drama into oblivion. And they are jealous of any special privileges. Baker mentions the burning of the Cockpit in 1616, not so much because it was a playhouse held in low repute, as that it was a *private* place of amusement. Hence, in the spirit of class, the apprentices attacked the aristocratic premises.

But it was not alone from these quarters that disturbances emanated; those of high rank were likewise the centre of stage brawls. In 1721, certain persons were allowed to sit upon the stage, but one night, during a performance of "Macbeth," my lord stepped across stage to hail a friend, and the action of the piece was halted while he blocked the way. Rich and Quin were acting and their swords were brought into play inasmuch as his insolent lordship struck Rich in the face. It was now war to the hilt with the actors against the quality. Then followed the riot which ended in smashed mirrors and broken seats. Finally soldiers were hastened to the Portugal Street theatre to quell the mob. Thereafter, so it is believed, Charles II placed two guards on the stage to forestall any further disputes.

It is strange how riots nearly always involve actors contending for histrionic supremacy. Sometimes, as in the case of Spranger Barry and Garrick, it was simply a matter of artistic rivalry; note for instance the reason of the famous "Romeo and Juliet" contest. Garrick and Macklin were at Drury Lane together, at the time when the patent theatres could make or mar any player. In 1743 Fleetwood's reign was nearly over at Drury Lane, to be succeeded by Lacy and Garrick in partnership. Salaries being in jeopardy, the company deserted, thinking to get the Haymarket. But their plans failing, they all were taken back by Fleetwood, except Macklin, who was regarded as somewhat of a ringleader. The latter organized a riot, and upon hearing of this, Fleetwood engaged a band of prize-fighters to mete out punishment to the offenders. Pamphlets were printed and there were disgraceful moments of contention. Finally there was a compromise, for if the management took Macklin back, the actor himself returned much chastened.

THE OLD MAN DIES

Ballade

I

Yea, I believe the world's a stage.
  Great Shakespeare said so, long ago;
Where women smirk, and men may rage,
  As on the boards their craft they show.
When from the house, filled row on row,
  The cheers have burst from grinning jaws,
Back to the rear I've shuffled slow,—
  I've played my part without applause.

II

The greatest scene's a gorgeous cage
  Where bright plumed birds strut to and fro,
Where compliments may half assuage
  The wounded pride that smarts below.
Yea, then when dainty hands may throw
  Sweet flowers before a crow who caws,
You think no bitterness I know?
  I've played my part without applause.

III

How hard it is to disengage
  The tinsel from the real gold's glow;
I've learned from Life's dramatic page,
  True acting from the false I know.
Now tottering from the scene I go,
  My art still pure from tawdry flaws;
No antic tricks to catch them,—no,—
  I've played my part without applause.

ENVOI

Great Prompter,—God or merely Sage,
  Whose Acts are ages without pause,
I've earned no more than just my wage—
  I've played my part without applause.

CLARENCE STRATTON.

Act. III. The courtyard of Nora's villa at Santa Barbara

SCENE IN THOMAS McKEAN'S DRAMA, "THE WIFE DECIDES," LATELY AT WEBER'S THEATRE

This man, who was the first to humanize Shylock, was also the first, at the age of eighty-four, to play Macbeth clad in Highland tartans. The public was enraged and did not hesitate to yell forth demands for Macklin's discharge—demands that on the instant had to be satisfied. But though discharged, he was reinstated the next season, 1789. It is a pathetic scene—that of Macklin's appearance, aged ninety-nine, in the rôle of Shylock.

Thomas Garrick William Lamp William Collier John Junior
SCENE IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S NEW PLAY, "TAKE MY ADVICE," AT THE FULTON THEATRE

The public makes itself heard forcibly at times. Garrick nearly had his house ruined because, at Drury Lane, some foreign dancers were engaged during 1755—a policy strongly objected to by the pit and the gallery. Kemble, having redecorated Covent Garden in 1804, bethought him to raise prices; but on September 18, 1804, the O. P. (old price) Riots began, lasting two months, during which time the soldiers were called and the riot act read. An earlier record of foreign prejudices is found in the history of the Haymarket, where the actors had to walk between a file of grenadiers, and where peas were showered upon the boards in order to prevent dancing of any kind.

There is a certain element of justice in the theatre mob largely swayed by hero-worship and limelight. Should one look through the "Ingoldsby Legends" he will find accounts of the riots that replaced one baritone after he had been succeeded by some singer of inferior standing. And in the case of Robert Walpole's Licensing Act of 1737, the public damned every new piece produced under that law.

Sensibilities are easily roused. At the Haymarket in 1767, Foote produced a satirical piece, "The Tailors," to which that craft objected. In New York, during the early part of 1787, a piece was given which resulted in those sympathizers of the French demanding no more caricatures of Frenchmen on the stage. The manager was obliged to submit to public decision.

The management in those early days had to make laws quickly. Garrick in his theatre pushed the audiences from the stage into the auditorium, separating the actors from the public by the then newly-acquired footlights. In 1797 Hallam allowed liquor to be sold in the playhouse; two sea captains became screechingly drunk and demanded "Yankee Doodle" or no play. The consequence was that a riot ensued, and thereafter liquor was prohibited until after the first piece.

There were two riots in London theatres during 1748 and 1763 of considerable proportion, one centering around a French company, whose enemies were English actors and French refugees who had suffered under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rowdies in the galleries were met by thirty gentlemen armed with stout sticks and drawn swords. The result was that the theatre had to be closed. The 1763 disturbance was another fray over prices. In 1792 Covent Garden abolished the shilling gallery, but had to reinstate it for fear of what the mob might do.

The slightest turn of fortune will precipitate a riot. On the evening of Dec. 26, 1801, a ruffian at Covent Garden threw a quart bottle from the gallery, barely grazing an actor's head. Though the offender was arrested, the excitement proceeded until guards charged upon the gallery with leveled bayonets. On Nov. 18, 1806, some one threw an apple at Mrs. Siddons, though it was claimed that the apple was intended for a noisy party in the stage box. However that may be, Kemble offered one hundred guineas for the discovery of the scoundrel who dared do such an act. The O. P. riots were again in full swing when the new Covent Garden in 1809 was opened with increase of prices. Newspapers took sides, the *Times* for Kemble and the *Chronicle* for the rioters. Like college boys to-day, the factions had banners which they flaunted, and one side would try to capture the banners of the other side, like a veritable game. During the contest, Mrs. Siddons showed fear lest something might happen to Kemble. The result was that the latter had to apologize to the objectors and to compromise with them.

These are but a few of the many disturbances that have occured within the theatre and about the theatre. At times they were organized; at others they were spontaneous. It is difficult to say how often politics entered the pit. Nevertheless, an audience is no safer than a firecracker whose fuse is burning. Something might be said or done at any moment to enflame them, for the mob spirit in the theatre is quick to act.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

"AFTER the 'Tales of Hoffman'" wrote Auguste Vitu, February 11th, 1881, "the name of Jacques Offenbach, already popular, has suddenly become famous, and innumerable rays have been added to his glory."

Since the superb revival at the Opéra-Comique, do we of to-day confirm the judgment of the witty critic? For it was not at all certain that posterity, and we are playing the rôle to-day, would preserve an admiration for Offenbach. But it is now definitely agreed that his glory is henceforth assured and cannot be dimmed by the caprices of the public. We need not fear that the contrasts and exaggerations are already antiquated conceptions, nor need we hesitate to use the word "genius" in connection with this charming musician. And if Offenbach is now classed among the masters, it is precisely because his exaggerations and drolleries will always be fresh and sparkling, his spirited rhythm incomparable, and rich in unrivalled spontaneity.

In listening to the "Tales of Hoffman" and realizing the great charm of the work, one cannot help but be amazed that it should ever have been considered too crude to approach the traditional standard of taste prevailing at the Opéra-Comique.

Mr. L. Beyle played the rôle of Hoffman that was created by Talzac; Mr. Beyle acted splendidly but he gave little proof that he possesses the qualities necessary for a singer. In the four-fold rôle M. Jean Perier was given the opportunity to employ his incomparable talents, and was marvelously successful in portraying the ironic and mysterious Counsellor Lindorf; Coppelius, hideous, epileptic and romantic; Dappertuto, jovially sinister; While Dr. Miracle he presented as a clever caricature of Death. This terrible creation calls for superior art. Madame Nicot-Vanchelet was delightful as the automaton, while Melle. Lefargue as Giulietta looked beautiful and was in splendid voice.

In the hall were noticed many lovely gowns that were undoubtedly Paquin creations, and charming hats that owed their beauty to the genius of Madame Lentheric.

The play presented at the Gymnase, "L'Amour Défendu," by Pierre Wolff, is not a comedy of modern manners, but a romance of the days of chivalry. The characters should wear the costumes of the thirteenth century, with the stage set to show a feudal castle in the background. But listen:

Lord Pierre Verneuil is passionately in love with his young wife Madeleine. One day he discovers that his great friend and brother officer, Jean Derigny, also loved her. The husband decided to go away, and before going calls Jean, and without revealing to him what he believes he has discovered, confides to him that he has noticed a change in Madeleine's love and trusts that, during his absence, Jean may succeed in discovering the cause. The husband when leaving tells Jean, "If you succeed, send for me,—if you fail, send for me, but I count on your fidelity, and your solicitude for my interests." During the absence of Lord Pierre Verneuil, Jean, though living

PAQUIN BUILDING AT THE TURIN EXHIBITION

Photo Felix

CREATION DOEUILLET

near Madeleine, remains strangely reserved and she, loving him, cannot understand why de does not request the proof of her love. He is divided between an unquenchable desire to possess her, and shame at deceiving his friend. He feigns coldness towards Madeleine, whose passion is intensified by this simulated indifference. She becomes ill with anguish. But Jean resists temptation and continually haunted by the fear that he may succumb, he hastens to recall the husband. Lord Pierre Verneuil returns full of hope, but he finds Madeleine weeping, languid, and almost dying, and concludes that there is but one cure for her malady, and so he goes away again, thus leaving the way clear for their love.

This old fashioned tale in verse by Armand Sylvestre, Catulle Mendès, or Richepin, with a halo of poesy, and enveloped in a legendary and heroic atmosphere, embellished with the symphonic harmonies of a Fauré, or a Debussy, would doubtless be delightful. Then another point, an audience accepts exaggeration when it is transported to the domain of fable or supposed to be representative of the manners of bygone days, for they seem to feel there were more excuses to be found for the indulgence of powerful and exceptional emotions in olden times. An audience is more critical and analytical when the same characters and emotions are contemporaneous.

A Parisian of the year 1911 has not quite the same point of view nor is he animated by the same spirit as a Crusader. The conduct of a man of to-day is influenced by entirely different motives. Now, Mr. Wolff attributes to his heroes a candor and simplicity that is so decidedly at variance with the age in which we live as to be misleading. There are evidences that he struggled against a ferocious ending. He had to choose between a sanguinary and a pathetic drama, between a revengeful and a self sacrificing husband. The Wolff of "Jacques Bouchard" and "Leur Filles" probably would have decided in the first. The Wolff of "Secret de Polichinelle," of "Ruisseau" and "Lys" adopted the second, for he now prefers peaceful endings. This play of Mr. Wolff is a history of people whose pyschology is not complicated, and it is developed with great simplicity. The author shows a very strong sentimental tendency to exalt the mystery and fatality of amorous passion. Mr. Wolff's tone almost implies that he holds the subject sacred; to this sentimentality he adds delicate humor and picturesque action.

Around the central figures strongly modeled, he scatters with grace and ease bright side lights. All of his comedies are composed of a certain number of heavy parts interspersed with lighter things. The song of the heroine or the tenor is succeeded by a comic ditty or a droll duet. This mixture of grave and gay, of sentimentality and humor, has become a usual proceeding agreeing excellently with the temperament of a French audience.

Many creations of Redfern and Doeuillet were worn by our very smart Parisiennes.

At the Odeon, they are having great success with a play ingeniously adapted by Mr. Max Maurey from the celebrated stories of Charles Dickens. During a month we have had ample time in which to admire the many aspects of the genius of this great English writer,—the humor in Pickwick, and the sentiment in David Copperfield. Beneath the grotesque exterior of Mr. Pickwick is hidden a wealth of kindness. David Copperfield is pathetic and rich in eccentric types and pleasant character sketches drawn from nature.

Mr. Max Maurey has concentrated on the unhappy little boy whose sufferings bring tears to many eyes. David endures the persecutions of his stepfather, Mr. Murdstone, which the weak and futile tenderness of his mother is powerless to mitigate. We are also introduced to Mr. Murdstone's unlovely sister. We meet the faithful old servant Pegotty, and the incomparable Mr. Micawber.

I hope that all young Parisians will be interested in listening to and applauding this work of their English brother. They will be charmed and touched by the interpretation of little Mona Gondré in the title rôle. They must admire Mr. Vilbert's Micawber, heedless, ingenuous, lofty, delicious. The other rôles are splendidly played by the rest of the excellent company of the Odeon: Messrs. Vargas, Desfontaines, Denis d'Inès, Grouillet, and Mmes. Danège, Kerwich, Barsange, Rosay and Boyer. They have reached the generous soul of Dickens, and understand the pathos of the humble, the lively sentiment, and the grace of the adorable figures he created.

Fashion with its never ending variations is a subject rich in possibilities for the in-

PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

terviewer. By chance the other day an opportunity offered (of which I gladly availed myself), to talk with one of the great couturiers.

The Paris world of great dressmaking may aptly be compared to a firmament in which, among many stars, there are a few that shine with incomparable brilliancy. Their talent and wonderful taste form an aureole that keeps ordinary mortals at an admiring and respectful distance. But the chroniclers of Parisian luxury, sometimes come near these stars and are not afraid to approach them that they may describe what they see for others. The task of describing them should not be arduous since there are so few. How many are there in the place de l'Opera, at the Theatre Français who have a lofty title, that is theirs not by inheritance, but by the devoted work of a lifetime? Such is the great dressmaker. Among the chosen few I know of none that must be more inherently artistic nor who must give more devotion to his art. Watch those who come and go in his salon, the crowds of saleswomen, mannequins, *premières* and customers. Even though one may not have been introduced, yet instinctively the presiding genius is recognized among the numbers who come and go in this renowned establishment.

As typical detail, the great dressmaker talks very little about business, though he works for money as do we all, yet when conversing with him it really seems to be non-existent in the mind of this great artist. His one idea appears to be your opinion, to listen to your expressions of admiration

Photo Felix

MLLE. JULIETTE CLARENS, THEATRE MICHEL. CREATION REDFERN

for the beautiful models. He is successful, his creations are sought by the most exclusive who wish to wear them, knowing they will be immediately recognized as the creations of a master artist, and yet this does not suffice. He desires continual approbation from others, from connoisseurs and from friends.

When talking to this artist the day before yesterday, he said to me, "Listen, you who write for the papers, while I call attention to a situation which, if prolonged, menaces that which should be most important to us—our art. There are two knotty questions which, unless settled in a few years, will make success impossible.

"The motifs back of these mistakes, we need not look into too closely, all that should interest us is their effect on Paris as the fashion centre which in a few years will slowly be wiped out if we are not careful. In this country of delicate taste, where beautiful and classic lines are admired, there is a minority that, under the pretext of novelty, do violence to all discretion and tradition, and endeavors to impose on us discordant symphonies, giving form to certain inaesthetic ideas that universal ridicule seems powerless to silence. Take, as an example, the divided skirt. If this mistaken attitude were the indication of a preconceived plan with the evident object of killing the interest of our foreign customers, who do not always sympathize with nor understand such daring, they could not be more successful. These customers have remained faithful through much, but eventually will surely abandon those foolish ones who are too stubborn to realize their attitude before it is too late. Thoughtful persons are asking why those who are very little considered among their profession should be allowed the opportunity to lose to Paris what it has always held, a monopoly of fashions for the world. It is only fair to suppose that it was gained by our reputation for elegance, our love of simple, harmonious lines, and should be lost to us if we insist on dressing women in such a manner as to make them the objects of universal ridicule. I cannot precisely express, Monsieur, the protests I wish to formulate against many of the innovations of the last few years." "But you must not complain, Monsieur," I hastened to assure him, "what about your famous muff-stole and your no less famous coat-dress which one does not hesitate to pronounce masterpieces, even though your modesty may suffer?"

We talked on, and he put his finger on another sore spot among dressmakers —the imitators! "You have no idea to what extent these people go in copying, borrowing and stealing! yes, I say stealing! when you consider what such thefts mean, the taking without a word that for which an establishment is maintained, where increasing thought, untiring efforts are expended, where enormous quantities of materials are sacrificed to evolve an original creation. I will give you one example among thousands. You remember the little tailor-made of net? The success attending this innovation constituted a small revolution in the world of fashion. And like all revolutions it would have been a very bad thing for us if our customers had not accepted it with favor. We took every precaution to guard this model, hoping that we might keep it exclusive long enough to gather the benefits it should bring to us. Yet without scruple the imitator in the most barefaced manner, and without even as much as 'by your leave,' seized upon this model that should have always belonged to the 'grand couturier.' Then the inevitable happened. The fastidious customer wore it, but finding that it could no longer be called exclusive put it aside. The consequences were bad for all, for us who were the creators, for dressmaking in general, and also for the imitators who only killed the success of a pretty thing that might otherwise have had a long life."

"Has nothing been suggested for your protection?" I asked. He answered that it is very much easier to suggest than to do. The law protects the proprietor of a play, of a book, of a photograph, of a painting, of even a postal card, yet there seems to be no way of protecting a gown that has taken weeks of work and the sacrifice of all other thoughts.

PETRONIUS.

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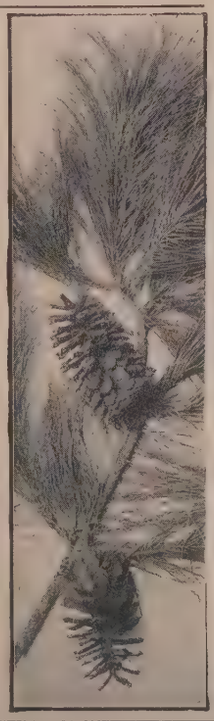

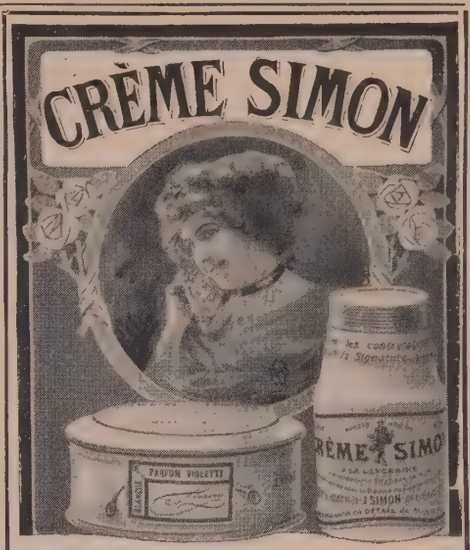

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SUZANNE DÈSPRES

(*Continued from page 22*)

Duse appeared together in an unforgetable performance of Gorki's drama, "From the Depths," and later in Vienna she appeared with the great Viennese actress, Hohenfells, in de Musset's "Nuit d'Octobre."

She persistently refuses now to belong to any theatre, preferring her liberty. Consistently she refuses to abase her art for commercial reasons, and never produces a play but from the highest motives. The infinitude of her career of battle resembles the heroic one of our own great and conscientious artist, Mrs. Fiske, who has also conquered over insuperable difficulties undreamed of by artists who acquiesce to the commercialism of managers and the easy path of going over old trails. She desires that not only her art, but her individual effort, be respected, for she gives of her all with complete abandon and supreme effort, without affectation, charlatanism or artifice. Her sincerity is absolute and she loves her public, esteems its opinions and cares for its approbation, but she would never stoop from the heights she has set herself to win.

Her repertoire is vast, comprising dramas by Porto-Riche, Brieux, Bacques, Bernstein, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Bernard, d'Annunzio, Sudermann, Daudet, Dumas, Hofmannsthal, etc., as well as Racine's "Andromaque" and "Phèdre," de Musset's "Carmosine" and George Sand's "Marquis de Villemer."

She is still so young, not more than thirty-five, that even still greater heights may be expected of her. There should be a large public to give her recognition in the United States, for the way has been paved to a comprehension of her art by the genius and pioneering spirit of Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw, and the pen of James Huneker. Her "Electra" is one of the great dramatic achievements of our time. She is epic in the rôle, living it in all its madness of deep, ferocious revenge. "She has filled with sighing the city and the ways thereof with her tears." From the moment the curtain rises, revealing that tortured piece of girlhood, one in color with the earth she crouches on, "clothed in sordid rags, thin, famished like a wolf, moaning, frantic, tearing at the earth with her nails, she fills the palace of Argos with her lamentations and the desolate fury of her grief-stricken spirit." She expresses with a fearful eloquence and force the madness of hate, atrocious, brutal, superhuman, which is burning out her heart; the implacability of revenge which is not balked in her soul for a moment, despite the seeming hopelessness of her fate. She is exalted by her one sentiment, that of revenge; she is nourished on it and is yet withering up from its flames; she is tormented, corroded by an ulcer of cosmic hate which can only find assuagement in a sea of blood.

Like unto those black figures which the Greek potters engraved with so sure a touch on the red roundness of their vases, she detaches herself, stencil-like, from the red background of her terrible destiny, lifting it to an ominous height of terrible and fearsome beauty. Beneath the rags which cover her, her lissome body moves one moment like a panther ready to spring, at another her form is uplifted with a superb dignity of exquisite passion and rage. The extraordinary attitude of *violent silence* she expresses when leaning against the grim wall, listening to the exortations of her mother, the almost voluptious tenderness of her pleadings with the timid, lovely Crysothemes, and the three great cries, as if coming from "a distance beyond distance," on her recognition of Orestes, are unforgetable moments.

France is, indeed, rich in vital personalities, dowered with power to express themselves with a curiously perfect, profound and poetic genius. The compression among the people is very great, and the pervading sense of freedom and equality, as known to us, is comparatively unknown here. But it seems to have an artistic value in that the difficult struggle to break through the shackles and prejudices of the ages produces much more definitely outlined, forceful individualities than over the seas. And Suzanne-Després is of France, of Paris, of the people; she expresses the tragedies of their murmuring souls; but, she is also a world artist, a universal genius, comprehensive by the very depths and realism of her art to any country, taking her place among the ranks of those great names so dear to us; Duse, Bernhardt, Dibwald, Sorma, Terry and Fiske. Living, indeed, up to her ideal expressed a few years ago: "The great artist of the future, the great artist, she whom I would be, must be a woman like unto all women."

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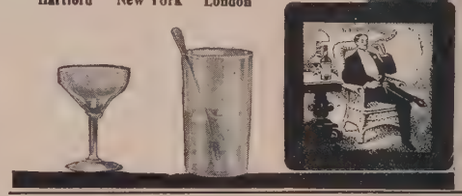

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THE PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 11)

with having done nothing at all and that "a soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the pipe of a screeching sow." She is about to give him a crack on the skull with the butt of the broom. "Don't strike me," he says, "I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that." He adds later: "With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul."

He is admired on all hands. Michael offers him employment as pot-boy at good wages. Shawn objects. Peggy encourages the idea. Christy is installed and is to protect Pegeen that night. The Widow Quin and three village girls take an interest of great curiosity in the presence of Christy in the house, the Widow Quin having it in her mind to marry Christy. She does her best to that end, making a shrewd bargain with Shawn in the event of her success. Shawn provides a new suit of clothes for her to give to Christy for his better appearance in view of the widow's carrying him off. This only results in Pegeen's deeper infatuation with Christy and in fitting him out to take part in the games in which he conquers and gains the name of the Playboy of the Western World. Just as Christy is in the fulness of favor and renown, his father, Old Mahon, crawls in at the door. After a quarrel between them the boy drives the old man out, follows him, and this time we are led to believe that he has laid him out for good and all.

The Irish peasants, having the matter brought so close to them, now bind him; but they release him to let him fare further. The father, unkillable as a cat and as worthless, comes in again, Christy gives him a welt with the end of the rope by which he had been bound, and leads off his submissive and proud father to dwell with him as before and to moil and toil. Shawn thinks he is again in favor, but Pegeen gives him a box on the ear and bids him go, while she wails: "Oh, my grief, I've lost him entirely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

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STAGING A SANDSTORM

(*Continued from page* 16)

gives the swirling effect that makes the storm real. The one set of pipes placed back stage behind the tent, however, shoots straight across the stage in order to give a cloud of mystery and add density to the scene.

About three hundred pounds of sand is blown through the four sets of pipes at each performance. This is kept from blowing into the auditorium by means of an "air curtain" at the footlights and at the first entrances—enough pressure of compressed air to keep the "sand" back. The sand used is nothing more nor less than good old cornmeal! Three hundred pounds wasted at each performance—enough to feed a whole ranch!

Cornmeal was resorted to after everything else, including sand itself, had failed to look and act like sand on the stage. Real sand from Fire Island beach was first tried, but besides being too heavy to be kept swirling in the air it did not look like sand when the lights were thrown on it. Real sand on the stage when the lights were thrown on it as it was blown across the stage looked like so much soft coal soot.

The heaps of sand on the stage, forming the minor sand dunes, and also the ground of the desert, are composed of ground cork painted an orange yellow. Cork is used because it is clean and dustless, and easily handled.

To light the sandstorm, Mr. Ford uses only the footlights, the central portion being a deep orange, with a deep blue on either side. This keeps the heart of the storm, so to speak, in the light, and the edges are blended away into the darkness at the sides of the stage, providing not only absolute realism, but shadings that suggest the most delicate of pastels. The wonderful lighting of this scene shows the varying color emotions of the desert, with its sand dunes of the palest primrose, and the purple fury of the desert storm.

Stereopticon storm cloud effects are thrown on the sand curtain formed by the cornmeal shot across the back of the stage by the pipes set there for that purpose, and on a gauze curtain just behind, from arc-lights placed on two fighting tops built on either side of the proscenium.

To obtain the delicate pastel light effects of the sandstorm, and of the other desert scenes in "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Ford first painted the scenes with stage lights, using the remarkable switchboard of the former New Theatre for his palette, and the clouds of cornmeal for his canvas. In that way, having the true picture of the sandstorm which he had himself seen on the Sahara in his mind, he achieved what no one else ever has done before—he has, "in spirit and in truth," transported the sandstorm of the desert, with all its multitudinous shades and shadows, feelings and emotions, to the stage!

The Man Who Discovered Caruso

Edouardo Missiano, baritone at the Metropolitan Opera House, who died suddenly recently of heart disease, was the man who discovered Caruso.

"When I was 18 years old, and living in Naples," said Mr. Caruso to a *New York Times* reporter, "I went to a certain bath every day, where I met Missiano, who was at that time a member of a wealthy family and never had sung in public. He had a good baritone voice but he sang only for his own amusement. I used to sing about the bath, and one day he remarked that I had an unusual voice, and said that he would take me to his teacher, which he did. This teacher was a certain Guglielmo Vergino, and when I first went to him he said that he didn't think he could do much with my voice. Missiano, however, took me away and taught me to sing an air from 'The Pearl Fishers' and the Siciliano from 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Then Vergino accepted me and taught me to sing.

"Missiano became my great friend. When I returned to Italy a few years ago I found that he had lost his money. He asked me to help him, and I got him a place at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has been here ever since. He was more than a brother to me—one of my closest friends."

The Berlin police have created a stir in the German capital by decreeing that a seat in a theatre box does not entitle a woman to wear her hat in the theatre. Every offense is punishable by a fine of $25, which the house manager must pay.

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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 6)

high register has appealing, floating qualities. In French songs she was most interesting, but when she strayed into the German she was artistically lost, nor was she heard with credit in some uninteresting English songs. She will probably be heard to infinitely better advantage in French opera later in the season.

Two pianists "came back"—Rudolph Ganz and Harold Bauer—the latter playing at two concerts, Liszt's "Danse Macabre," and later Brahms' little known D minor piano concerto. He was in fine artistic fettle on both occasions. Ganz has not been heard here in years, and he gave a most brilliant performance of Tschaïkowsky's brilliant B flat minor concerto.

Josef Stransky, new conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has been proving his worth, not as a phenomenally great conductor, but as a good, painstaking artist. Schumann-Heink, eminent contralto, gave an interesting song recital. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, American pianist, gave her only New York recital of the season and played as she never has here before, having conquered her nervousness completely. Walter Damrosch has been conducting an array of concerts of the New York Symphony Society. The Russian Symphony Society has been giving its usual concerts devoted to music of the Czar. The Olive Mead Quartet, fair, feminine players of stringed instruments, have been giving chamber music concerts at Rumford Hall, a very treasure of a little, intimate auditorium, and at one of these they produced, for the first time in New York, a quintet by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, who proved to be a most interesting writer of ambitious music.

And then, too, there was that unique chamber music concert of the Barrère Ensemble, chamber music of wind instruments, at the Belasco Theatre. Like a glimpse of old world serenity was this affair, miles and miles removed in spirit from noisy Broadway.

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

masquerader looks like a gentleman, dresses like one and acts like one, while a minor love interest is pleasantly perfected by C. Morton Horne and Katheryn Stevenson. The broad comedy is entrusted to Otis Harlan as a French detective and Maude Odell as Amaranth, a seeress, and a very dashing and handsome one she makes. Harlan is always funny, but in this production he is particularly so, as he has been provided with some excellent material. The result is a succession of deliciously droll and amusing conceits.

EMPIRE. "THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE." Play in 4 acts by A. E. W. Mason. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Henry Thresk, A. E. Anson; Stephen Ballantyne, W. L. Abingdon; Harold Hazlewood, Ernest Stallard; Richard Hazlewood, Leslie Faber; Robert Pettifer, Lumsden Hare; Hubbard, James Malaidy; A Servant, Walter L. Stacey; Baram Singh, W. S. Phillips; Stella Ballantyne, Ethel Barrymore; Mrs. Pettifer, Annie Esmond.

A. E. W. Mason, the novelist, about ten years ago ventured forth as a serious dramatist, at the old Manhattan Theatre, with "Miranda of the Balcony," which made a fair success. This year as a comic writer his "Green Stockings" gave veritable amusement and pleasure. Now he comes forward again, this time with a play of serious kind called "The Witness for the Defence."

The piece had a good vogue in London and was produced here to give opportunity for Miss Ethel Barrymore to display her emotional gifts in the rôle of Stella Ballantyne. It is an exacting part in which this actress shows to mixed advantage. In the opening scene, laid in India, she is found as the long suffering and insulted wife of a civil officer, Stephen Ballantyne, a drunkard and a brute. To their tent for dinner comes Henry Thresk, to whom she was formerly engaged. She had sacrificed herself lest his future might be jeopardized by their poverty. Sneered at and insulted thro' the meal and fearful of physical violence she shoots and kills the husband after the departure of the visitor. Here, at least, Miss Barrymore showed the skill and depth of her growing art. It was an admirable exhibition of cowed but rebellious womanhood. The acting was firm and tense; the movement repressed but forcible; the *dé-*

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New York Evening Mail

OF DECEMBER 15th, 1911

regarding the Metropolitan Opera House Programme, which we now publish, needs no further comment.

ADVERTISING TALKS
WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

It is not often that I have an opportunity to spend an evening at a concert or at a theatre—probably five times in a year.

Just now I am attending pretty regularly Sunday night concerts, but even at places of entertainment I cannot get away from the ADVERTISING IDEA.

The programme at the Metropolitan Opera House attracted me. Programmes are necessary at entertainments. This particular programme was well printed on a good quality of paper. IT WAS CLEAN. The ink didn't rub off. It did not soil the gloves of the ladies.

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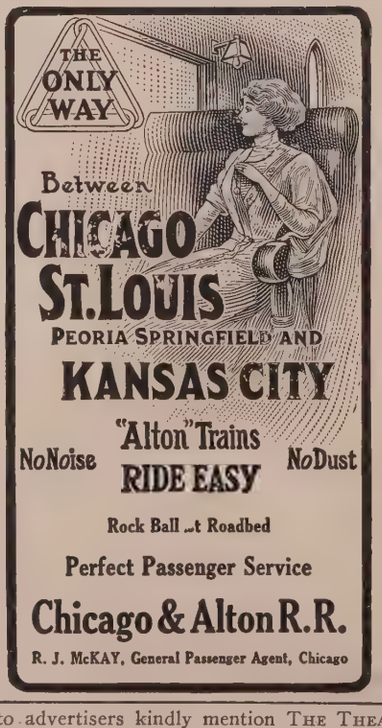

nouement fatefully pathetic. For the sake of the audience's sensitory nerves the gun was not discharged—a concession nearly fatal to the dramatic situation.

Accused of murder Stella only escapes through the perjured testimony of Thresk, who swears the husband was killed by a vengeful native, and returns to England where she loves and is loved in return by a young English officer, Richard Hazlewood. The relatives are suspicious of Stella's acquittal and thro' an artifice Thresk is brought down to Little Beding, Sussex, and put through a gruelling cross-examination which through tergiversation he successfully withstands. He insists, however, that she tell her lover of the true facts. They have been married in the meantime, but this she does, first to his father and the following morning again to the husband. There is suspense to much of this and some good acting moments, but the construction is loose and reiterates.

In the consciousness of her new found happiness, Miss Barrymore is again sweetly and nicely effective and there is pathetic grace to some of the confession. But the enduring note straight from the heart is not struck.

GAIETY. "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND." Comedy in 4 acts by Charles Nirdlinger. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Sir Anthony Merry, Clarence Handyside; Jennings, Luke Martin; Beau Pinckney, David Todd; Dolly Todd, Miss Ferguson; Sally McKean, Beatrice Noyes; Clotilde, Georgette Passedoit; Mrs. Sparkle's Footman, Lawrence Windom; Sophia Sparkle, Helen Bond; Mrs. Sparkle, Maud Hosford; Aaron Burr, Frederick Perry; James Madison, Lowell Sherman; Honorable Ena Ferrar, Margaret Gordon; Lady Angela Merry, Florence Edney; Hairdresser, Edward Stewart; Don Carlos Martinez, William David; Louis Andre Pichon, John Prescott; De Vaux, Francis Bonn; Vrou Van Berckel, Myra Brook; Franko Petrus Van Berckel, Carl Hartberg; Cook, Luke Martin; Servant, Lawrence Windom.

Dolly Madison, in history, is our most famous First Lady of the Land, and Mr. Nirdlinger in a play so entitled has very happily characterized her. Lively interest is maintained in the relation between her, Aaron Burr and James Madison, but the political intrigues and the affairs between the other characters are only faintly outlined, and the persons themselves are for the most part blotches of color in the quaint and picturesque costumes of the day. There were too many people in the bill who were "afterwards somebody else," afterwards "Marchioness D'Yrujo," afterwards "Madame Pichon." If we are not interested in what the people in a play are here and now, we care nothing about what they became later on. Too much history, too much talk, too much wasted energy. Sir Anthony Merry, British Minister to the United States, a lugubrious man, with a dominating wife who stood on points of etiquette, had to do with the plot because he connived with Burr in furnishing him with funds for his Mexican enterprise, and his wife was diverting at one or two points in the action, notably in a scene in which she declined to give up her right of precedence in going in to a state dinner. But between Mr. Nirdlinger and Miss Elsie Ferguson, they hit the mark with Dolly Madison. Dolly Madison was witty. To make a character consistently and continuously witty in an action that calls for every line uttered and is in no way forced and extraneous is no slight achievement. Dolly was also independent, vivacious in manner, clear headed, resourceful, and in that state of mind which is most interesting in an ambitious woman who hesitates in choosing between two suitors. She admired and loved Burr for his daring qualities, his brilliance and his decision of character, Madison gave her little satisfaction in his constant answering "Yes—and No." This indecision serves the purposes of the play in a way, but it leaves the sympathies with the less meritorious lover, Aaron Burr, and leaves the disagreeable impression, and very distinctly in a scene between Dolly and Burr toward the close of the play, that after the discovery of his treasonable designs, she would continue to love him even after her marriage with Madison. We need not quarrel with minor and, for the purpose in hand, immaterial departure from history in the matter of dates and small facts, but James Madison, the President, who ordered Jackson to take Florida, sending the order by messenger and not making it public, could not have been conspicuously a "Yes—and No" man. The handling of Madison by the actor of the part, if not by Mr. Nirdlinger, is too vague. The dramatic triangle is not equilateral, but more of an isosceles. However, there are incidents enough in the relations between these three characters to make the story unremittingly interesting. Mr. Frederic Perry gave a most veracious impersonation of Burr.

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Mr. Lowell Sherman was less fortunate with Madison. Less formality and more fire would improve his performance. Miss Ferguson is fitted for her part; she has temperament, is attractive in personality, and depicts changing moods with precision, while her voice is full of character and an appealing softness.

FULTON. "TAKE MY ADVICE." Play in three acts by William Collier and James Montgomery. Produced December 11 with this cast:

William Ogden, William Collier; Jack Cornish, William Lamp; Professor Hugo Kardly, Chas. Dow Clark; Thomas Brooks, Thomas Garrick; Robert Brooks, John Junior; Paula Brooks, Paula Marr; Mrs. Clark, Helena Collier Garrick; "Buster" Clark, William Collier, Jr.; Diana Kardly, Dorothy Unger; Sing Foo, John Atrhur; Lew, John Adams; West, Thomas Stuart; Miss Underwood, Regina Connelli.

There is nothing dramatic about the William Collier kind of stage entertainment; but it is as full of quaint and catchy verbal humor as a plum pudding is of currants, and of lines, which when smartly delivered make the piece seem much better than it is. And this smart delivery, especially in the case of the star, Mr. Collier himself, is in reality much better acting than it casually appears to be. The sum of the whole matter is, that the playgoer of the Collier clientèle gets a fair $2.00 worth of nothing.

"Take My Advice" may as well be called by that title as by any other. It is a Collierization of a little fable by James Montgomery, once used for a brief period by Nat Goodwin, and then known as "A Native Son," if we remember rightly. This native son is a California product, president of the Pacific Lemon Company, and a near-millionaire. The latter estate is contingent upon his "cutting out" strong drink and tobacco, making the lemon business show a certain profit per annum, and marrying Diana Kardly. He comes out badly in each and all of these propositions, and so paradoxically achieves a happy ending—for the million had brought him false advisers, the profit was only on paper, and Diana was—well, the sort of girl of whom her fiancé gallantly remarked, "I wish she'd get well, or—or something." Besides, he wanted to —and finally did—marry Paula Brooks.

No moral, no ethics, no uplift of any kind whatsoever, is noticeable in this rather sprightly offering. Some things in it are in dubious taste, when you think them over in cold blood after the show; but this criticism does not occur to you while Mr. Collier and his relatives are romping through the piece.

CASINO. "PEGGY." Musical play in two acts by George Grossmith, Jr. Lyrics by C. H. Bovill. Music by Leslie Stuart. Produced December 7 with this cast:

Captain James Bendoyle, Farren Soutar; Auberon Blow, Charles Brown; Cecil Custard Caruthers, Harry Fisher; 'Phonso, Jules Charmettes; Emil, A. Hylton Allen; Montague Bartle, John W. Ransome; Man About Town, and Official at Casino, Lew Quinn; Marquis of Didsbury, Tom Dingle; Artistide Picot, Jules Charmettes, Rastus, Tom Dingle; Lady Snoop, Alva York; Peggy Barrison, Renee Kelly; Polly Polino, Louise Alexander; Doris Bartle, Vida Whitmore; Diamond, Esther Bissett; Lady Frederick, Rose Winter; Miss Vooch, Margaret Rutledge; Dolly, Elise Hamilton; Ruby, Maud Brown; Jeannette, Blanche West; Jeanette, Florence Walton.

There are certain combinations in comic opera plots that have ceased to be amusing or entertaining in any way unless the author of the book has the right touch and initiative enough of his own to give them distinctive novelty. "Peggy," with its plot of double identities, shows its age. It is even not well preserved. Peggy is engaged to somebody, is loved by a captain who gets somebody to pose as the rich uncle of the somebody she is engaged to, with the result that most everybody becomes nobody. Consent to the marriage with one or the other of the suitors depends on the money of the rich uncle. The substitute uncle becomes the barber at the hotel. There is a comic duel which probably amuses "the tired business man." A seltzer bottle casts aspersions on certain people, who no doubt deserve it, and afforded joy to naive bounders. How much of the original opera, which is announced as the *London Gaiety Theatre production*, has been retained, is conjectural, but the book is said to be by George Grossmith, Jr., the lyrics by C. H. Bovill, and the music by Leslie Stuart. It is staged by Ned Wayburn. The Wayburn stamp is on it.

DALY'S. "THE LADY OF COVENTRY." Play in four acts by Louis N. Parker. Produced November 21 with this cast:

Dorothea, Miss Allen; Alys, Jane Ferrell; Damaris, Adelaide Robinson; Philippa, Frances Savage; Father Bernard, Charles Harbury; Malet, S. Van Dusen Phillips; Nigel, Fred Bock; Gilbert, George Cooke; Leofric, Henry Kolker; Waltheof, Henry Stanford; Gamel, Lewis Howard; Witgar, Frank P. Giles; Torfrid, Winfield Freeman; Cymen, Vincent Sternroyd; Ulling,

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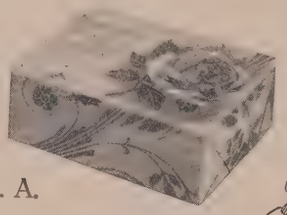

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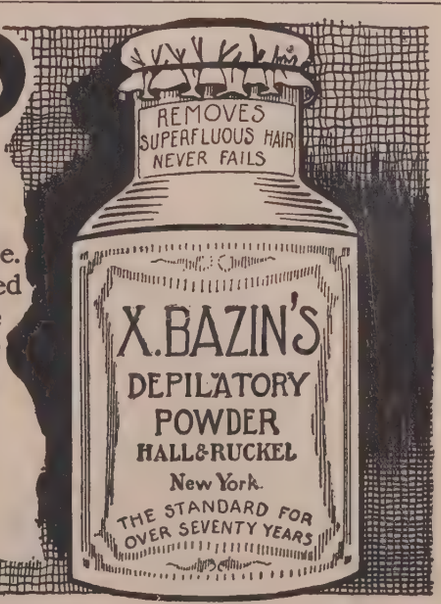

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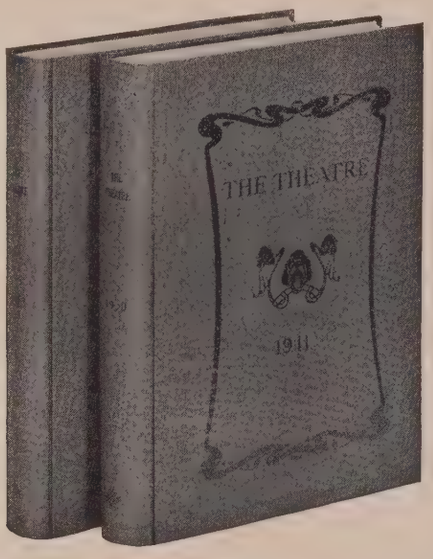

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Howard Morgan; Jenny, Elinor Brownell; Godild, Nina Lindsay; Joan, Jessie Crommette.

Lady Godiva's ride has long been the subject of legend, song, poetry and drama. It is romantic because impossible to modern thought, and because it has the accent of purity among a warlike and savage people who put out the eyes of Peeping Tom. It is a pretty story without a particle of drama in its main incident. Mr. Louis N. Parker has given it a new turn. The Saxon chieftain, Leofric the Wolf, claimant the Lady Godiva's land, besieges her first as the warrior and then as her lover. In the play her name has been changed to Dorothea, which is of no consequence, as she performs the ride covered by her abundant hair and protected by the order that none shall see her. It was Leofric the Wolf who gave his promise to shield her by this order after he found that his command that she ride was irrevocable under some tribal or religious law. Her people were to go free in event she submitted to the ordeal. He alone breaks his edict made to protect her; he becomes the Peeping Tom. He will suffer the penalty of his own proclamation. She urges him to reconsider and bids him look into her eyes and read there her feeling for him. He does so, clasps her in his arms, and the war is over. To make anything out of this a great deal of noise, breaking in of doors and threatenings of slaughter had to be applied to the action. There were clamorous doings, invocations, execrations, pleadings, defiance and incidental combats. The externals of drama abounded. As a picture play of a make-believe action it was effective. It was poetic and picturesque. Miss Viola Allen was never better in poses and impassioned speech.

HERALD SQUARE. "Betsy." Comedy in three acts. Book by H. Kellett Chambers. Lyrics by W. B. Johnstone. Music by Alexander Johnstone. Produced Dec. 11 with this cast:

Frederick, Donald Buchanan; Agnes, Myrtle Jersey; Gloria Stebbins, Lucie Carter; Pitney Killigrew, Worthington L. Romaine; Teddy Bacon, Hassard Short; Jasper Mallory, Robert Dempster; Augustus Tutwiler, George W. Callahan; Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, Betsy, Miss La Rue; Earl of Dexminster, Alfred Deery; Mrs. O'Leary, Lavina Shannon; Abaloni, Juliette Lange; Charlie, R. Saito.

"Betsy" is a relief from simpering chorus girls (who simper, it must be admitted, very prettily sometimes), the Ponies, the six show girls, too stately to dance much, but who from time to time sit on the knees of six young gentlemen, and the various abounding incidents of comic opera. "Betsy" is a little play with music when it is needed to express something in the action and dancing when something can be better expressed in that way than by speech. At all events, that is the probable theory. It is something that Quaker people can go to see without turning a hair. The story of the play is old, having been seen here in the form of "An American Widow," which was not successful financially, although much liked and praised. It promised good fortune to Miss Grace Filkins, an actress of quality, but its fate was to be turned into a "comedy with music," as we now see it. Miss Grace La Rue is now the young American widow, who, under the terms of her rich husband's will, was to forfeit the millions of the estate if she married any other than an American. Miss La Rue is not a finished actress, dancer or singer, but she suits the modest and decent story admirably.

The American Playwright

William T. Price who, for many years, has conducted a school of playwriting in this city, is about to issue a monthly publication to be called *The American Playwright*. It will be devoted exclusively to the technical side of play construction and is intended primarily for those students of the drama who are also trying to write plays. Mr. Price is the author of "The Technique of the Drama," a revised edition of which, under the longer title of "Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," forms one of the most expert, exhaustive and valuable works on the subject ever written. Mr. Price's reputation both as a teacher and critic is so well established and his school has been the means of so many playwrights securing a public hearing, that there seems to be no doubt as to the usefulness and success of his new venture.

Books Received

George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works. A critical biography by Archibald Henderson. 528 pp. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple. New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.

Some Forerunners of Italian Opera By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Footlights, Fore and Aft—A Study of Stage Life. By Channing Pollock. Illustrated. Boston: The Gorham Press.

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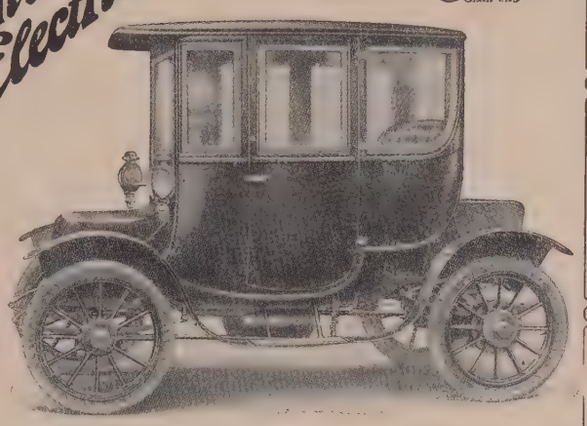

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HINTS ON SUMMER FABRICS AND FASHIONS

ALREADY one hears rumors of new fashions. Scarcely is one season in full swing before is heard the oft repeated query of "What will be the next turn?" Always there is a certain element insisting upon something new. Would it not be far better for the followers of fashion to insist upon the makers of garments perfecting those already in vogue, before they brought out some other style?

Certainly women do want and need changes in fashions, in color, in material, and in trimming as well as in shape. One of the greatest of womanly charms is to attract by her infinite variety not only of mind but of dress. We soon become so accustomed to the picture that hangs year after year in the same place upon the wall that we no longer regard it. So it is with the woman who dresses always in the same style and color. The husband, brother, son or friend may not appreciate the fine distinctions of the new gown or hat, but he knows whether she is looking well or not, in other words whether that gown or hat is becoming, or appeals to his aesthetic sense.

Clothes undoubtedly play an important rôle in the life and fate of woman, and it therefore behooves every woman to take thought that she shall be as well clothed as her station in life and her means permit. Did not Ruskin give the sage advice to a young lady of his acquaintance that "a pretty face under a pretty bonnet looks all the prettier?" While there is a great possibility of thinking and talking too much of clothes there are women among us who go to the other extreme. The happy medium should be preserved in this as in all other matters.

But to go from the general to the particular. This is the season when the new cottons first blossom forth in the shops. The woman who knows what she will require for the summer will do well to make her purchases early, for by so doing she can cull the best of the new goods. This is especially true of the imported cotton and silk and cotton goods. She is likely to find at this time of year materials that she will be unable to get later on. Therefore, this is the harvest time of the woman who loves something unusual, something different. To a lesser degree this is so of American made cotton goods.

Photo by Henri Manuel

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE

Photo by Felix

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As for the imported cottons, merchants first order only small quantities of them, particularly of the fancy fabrics, and it is often quite impossible for them to duplicate any desired design.

Ginghams and zephyrs are to be quite as much worn during the coming summer as they were last year. They tub beautifully, and there is nothing more useful and attractive than the freshness of a daintily made gingham or zephyr frock. There will not be

FOR Spring and Summer, silks are again the most favored materials, with

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The new Haas fabrics in white tropical suitings, for Spring and Southern wear, are being shown by the best dressmakers and women's tailors. One of the Haas Blue Books of samples, just issued, is devoted entirely to authoritative white wool fabrics for the 1912 season.

The Haas white fabrics not only tailor well, but they also have another advantage which women appreciate—they do not turn yellow.

Inasmuch as all the Haas fabrics are confined to the exclusive trade, Haas Brothers maintain a much higher standard of quality than is necessary for fabrics sold to the general trade.

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Photo by Henri Manuel
AN EVENING COIFFURE BY LUCIENNE

much change in the shape of these frocks. Two yard skirts, perhaps the more elaborate with scalloped flounces, bodices with kimono or regulation sleeves, and generally cut with deep pointed openings rather than the square neck, tell the story of admirable styles for wash dresses. Yet, if the square neck is more becoming than the pointed one, then by all means the square neck should be used.

Guimpes of lace, net or embroidery will still be worn, and long may they live! For never was there a fashion more commendable both on account of its becomingness and its practicability. The more transparent the guimpe the more fashionable the rule at present, and one which will in all probability last throughout the summer.

Linens will once again be fashionable, and the white linen suit and gown bids fair to be one of the greatest favorites. Indeed, white will be the color *par excellence* for the spring and summer. White serge, white broadcloth, white bengaline, and white linen tell the story of the fashionableness of white. Bengaline is altogether a new arrival in the world of fashion. It is first cousin to faille and ottoman silk, all of which are well suited to the construction of the smart tailored suits.

The woman who wants something dressier than a suit of white serge will select one of broadcloth or one of the silks mentioned. Bengaline is a mixture of silk and wool, and therefore drapes beautifully, so is well in accord with the general fashion tendencies as regards both tailored suits and costumes. It is an admirable wearing fabric, and somewhat less expensive than an all-silk material.

Last spring it was the tailored suit of blue serge or black satin which reigned supreme. This year white will be given the fashionable preference. For those who do not care for an all-white suit there are silks and cloths showing the narrow hairline stripe in black or color.

For simple costumes and separate waists nothing more admirable will be found than the R and T tub silks, which this season are shown in an unusually attractive line of designs and colors. Those which most impressed me are the white grounds carrying a black or white satin stripe, and those showing two or three colored stripes on a white ground. So admirable are some of the black satin broken stripes that I can quite imagine their being appropriately used for the construction of summer evening gowns. Trimmed with time yellowed lace such a gown would be quite out of the ordinary.

There are also among those R and T tub silks some excellent designs on natural colored shantung grounds. These will look well made up into street dresses, or as separate waists to be worn with the new wool crashes of the same tone. Such garments will be found exceedingly useful for motor, travelling and general wear. Those tub silks wash as well as any cotton material, if they are properly washed, and last quite as long, if not longer, than the cotton garments, besides all which tub silk garments do not soil so quickly as those made of cotton.

Some excellent ottoman cords are among the new cottons. They are suitable for the construction of separate skirts, coat suits, and in the lighter weights for dresses. They are also appropriate for the construction of children's frocks. These cotton ottomans show a white stripe alternating with a colored one. The black and white combination is to be found also in the ottoman cotton cords.

Among the all-cotton and silk and cotton materials none are more admirable than the Courtauld voiles and crêpes. The boards on which these are wound are marked "Courtauld's English Dress Goods," so that it will be an easy matter for you to know when you are purchasing these dependable fabrics. They come in a wide range of stunning colors and designs that make them suit-

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able for the construction of gowns for all occasions. The Courtauld voiles and crêpes are also made entirely of silk.

Cotton crêpes, marquisettes and voiles will be even more used this summer than they were last year. Some of the loveliest of the new lingerie waists are made of these materials, and discreetly trimmed with lace. There is no more elegant style of waist for wear with tailored suits than the French waist made with regulation long sleeves, tucks and a side frill. The spring is the legitimate season for the reign of the side frills in this country. Jacket fronts are cut more open, and the soft, fluffy frill fills in the opening in a most becoming and attractive manner.

Black and white striped voiles are lovely made over silk foundations of brilliant color. Made over white they are stunning, touched up with brilliant color in the trimmings. For this purpose the new reds will be exceedingly effective. Older women should not forget the value of green as a trimming color, for it enhances the rose color in the cheeks. Blue is a good color for ornamentation if it be becoming, and there are certain shades of purple that combine beautifully with yellow when used in discreet quantities, and which combine well with grey and, if cleverly managed, with black and white effects.

The new embroideries and laces are altogether delightful. There are broad bands of heavy guipure laces, which will serve admirably to border and at the same time weight down the light summery materials. These will be more used in the yellowish or ecru tints than in the dead white. Then there are the modern productions of old Italian laces which are suitable for the adornment of wraps as well as dresses.

Embroidered nets will be much sought for in the more elegant lingerie frocks. Those already being prepared for Southern tourists are in styles that make them appropriate for both afternoon and evening wear at the large hotels. Then there are the finest of embroidered muslins that remind one of the old-time convent embroideries.

The new vogue of white brings in its train a detail that is at once smart and practical. This is the use of the false hem of black or a lovely golden brown, which protects the edge of the dress from soiling as quickly as it otherwise would. I know one woman who has been reveling in a smart white broadcloth three-piece suit this winter who by a little trick of her own devising managed so that she could wear the gown in the street with a deep fur band, and yet when she desired it for house use the band could be removed. For the fur band was attached to the skirt by means of the little fasteners similar to those used on gloves, so that it was no trouble at all to put it on, or take it off.

Photo by Henri Manuel

A PLUSH HAT BY GABRIELLE CHANEL

Photo by Henri Manuel

AN ODD AND ATTRACTIVE HAT BY ELIANE

Velvet, ottoman silk, satin and chiffon are the materials which will be employed for these bands on the white summer frocks and tailored suits. I said summer, but really the early spring is certain to see the white tailored suit well to the fore on the fashionable promenades.

The new white serges are quite elaborate in design. They will be used for tailored suits, dresses, and long separate coats. The fancy serges intended for coats are quite a bit heavier than those meant for suits, and they are sufficiently elaborate to make very acceptable evening coats for young girls. The designs are in basket weaves of rather small size, and stripes of varying width, but those which appeal most strongly to me are the inch-wide stripe alternating with a pencil strip. Imagine how stunning this would be made into one of the long draped coats, and lined with one of the new reds; this lining turned up to face the wide cuffs and revers, and fastened in front with a single big, red button embroidered in white and gold. It would almost pay to be young to be the possessor of such a natty garment.

The basket weave serges will make stylish tailored suits, and are susceptible of braid and button ornamentation. There are some new Directoire models in suit coats in which the front reaches only to the waist line, while the back is some eighteen inches longer. But really at the moment of writing it is quite too early to speak with authority of tailored suit fashions.

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Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

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Photo by Felix
A NOVEL AUTO BONNET OF STRAW, LINED WITH SILK

However, I notice that the best dressed women among those who are always a season in advance of the general fashions, are wearing jackets of fantastic cut, often with bias lines in both front and back. Quantities of buttons are used of the material of the suit, of velvet or satin, and small ones of some composition. All are of matching color to the fabric which they ornament. The tiny buttons are used to accent the bias lines of the jacket, when these lines come over the hips. They are likewise used in the same position on the skirts.

Dainty ball gowns for young girls carry many good ideas for the construction of summer frocks of wash fabrics. These mostly have tunic skirts which end just above or just below the knees. The latter will be found to be more becoming generally, because a tunic of that length does not detract from the height of the wearer, and so gives an appearance of greater slenderness. The underskirt is composed of a slightly fulled flounce of the transparent material, often finished with a band of lace trimmed with colored ribbon. Over this band the tunic falls. It can be thus seen how highly desirable the heavy laces will be.

Bodices are always draped, and will have the deep V opening reaching to the high narrow girdle. This opening is often filled in to produce a square neck effect, while the flat lace collar or other trimming accents the long lines of the V opening.

Ball and dinner gowns for older women have the bodices generally in one or two styles. One is the entire bodice made of lace, with a point of the skirt reaching up over it in front. The other is the one-sided drapery, that of the left side of lace, net or other transparent material, and that of the right side of a contrasting sheer material, or the material of the skirt. When the contrast is not too great in color and material the effect is excellent, but when the contrast is great the nude effect is too much for this style to appeal to the more refined women.

One of the new and clever ideas in maternity dresses is to be found in the Leonard model, which is self adjustable, and requires absolutely no alteration either at the bottom of the skirt or the waistline during the entire period of its use. The very latest styles and fabrics can be used in this form of dress, so that women who require such mode of apparel may now be as fashionably dressed as the women in normal health. The prices according to the materials selected range from twenty-two to one hundred dollars.

The double-faced satins and silks should be highly desirable for spring and summer wraps, particularly in this country, where we require so little warmth. Long wraps are desirable, because they are so picturesque, and serve so admirably to protect the light-colored gown worn beneath. The double-faced satins answer all requirements for such wraps in a most excellent manner. They were so new last spring that they were not generally accepted. Then came the winter season, which put them quite out of the running because of their lack of warmth. So that in a few weeks many women will find them just the thing for a great number of occasions. And be it added that at the present moment these double-faced satins can be had at very advantageous prices, because some of the shops stocked up on them in the autumn in anticipation of a big demand, which did not materialize for the reason already stated.

Linings of contrasting color continue to be used in the most expensive and elegant wraps. A magnificent opera wrap which I saw the other day in the process of making was of lovely dull rose and gold brocade—only twenty-five dollars a yard—lined with a dull blue satin veiled with chiffon, and trimmed with skunk. When women put as much money as that wrap will cost into a garments, they are not likely to select a style that is a back number. All which goes to prove that there will be a number of women wearing spring and summer wraps of double-faced satin.

Speaking of contrasting colors, Maude Odell, in "Little Boy Blue," wears a combination of dark apple green and russet brown that is exceedingly artistic. The character she presents is eccentric, and therefore, the clothes have been chosen to accord with the character. For those who appreciate brilliant colors there are many good suggestions to be obtained from the costumes worn by Miss Odell.

Miss Bryan, who plays the part of Little Boy Blue, wears in the last act a delightfully simple white evening gown which, in its excellent lines and charming style, should serve as an excellent example to many young girls.

Another charming white evening gown is worn by Miss Mary Boland who supports John Drew in "A Single Man." This gown is of crêpe charmeuse with a bodice mostly of lace in the exact shade of the silk.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Photo by Henri Manuel
A PRETTY HAT BY LENTHERIC IN BLACK VELVET WITH WHITE AIGRETTE

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

When taking a course of face treatments, it is highly desirable, I have discovered, to find a woman of refinement and pleasing personality. I am, therefore, very glad to recommend a lady who is at the head of one of the best establishments in this city. Furthermore, she has the great ability to select and train her assistants, so that they not only are skilled in their profession, but have, to a great extent, the delicacy of touch that characterizes their chief. That this lady has the qualities I have ascribed to her is evidenced by the fact that the establishment, of which she is the head, numbers among its clientele many of the best known society women of this and other American cities. Naturally, it is impossible for this lady to give all the treatments, but her eye is everywhere, and she supervises every treatment that is given in the establishment, and it is, undoubtedly, for this reason, that all the patrons of the establishment are so enthusiastic about it.

Now that the social season is well under way, it will, no doubt, be of interest to many women to know of a place where they can go to be beautified for the evening's social engagement. The eyes must be lustrous and sparkling for the opera, the theatre or the dance. The skin must glow, and must have just the right rosy tint to be attractive under the searching electric light. It requires the professional touch to set off the natural charms, even of the débutante. The proper powders and other cosmetics require skill in their selection for the evening event. Any woman can soon learn what best becomes her for day occasions, but it is another story for the evening, and if one wants to do this correctly, one must at least take lessons in the art from a skilled professional.

A toilet cream that is guaranteed by the maker to be always absolutely pure and fresh, and never to contain any harmful substance, and which is highly endorsed by such well-known women as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mme. Tetrazzini, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, and countless others, is now within the reach of every one. It is to be had for the moderate price of $1 a jar, and it may be added that all the value is put in the cream itself, and not in an ornate package. To obtain the best results, one has only to follow faithfully and persistently the directions that go with the cream. For special cases, the advice of this expert maker is always at the service of the user of his cream.

I saw the other day such a lovely, quaint Colonial tea set, given by Mrs. Cleveland to a friend for Christmas. The decorations were gold bands and the recipient's monogram also in gold. The whole thing was so artistic that I asked where it came from, and immediately made a visit to the shop. It is a most original place, where they make a specialty of decorating china to order, and at such moderate prices that they are simply astonishing. For example, a French china tea set, which I intend to possess, is only $15. This consists of a dozen cups and saucers, decorated with gold band, handles and monogram, and a tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher with gold band and handles. I could not have the monogram on these, because I chose that old fashioned, quaint fluted design, the style one so often sees in old silver, but which I never before found in china. A china teapot is so much more hygienic than a silver one, yet it is so difficult to get really artistic shapes in china that I feel I have made an important discovery in this little shop. I say "little shop" because in the showroom only samples of these shapes are shown, yet there is such a profusion of these that there is a shape to suit every taste. The plain white shapes are shown in both French china and Beleek, the latter being more expensive than the French china, as most of you no doubt know. There are not only afternoon tea sets, but entire breakfast and dinner sets, and all sorts of odd pieces, such as vases, bowls and comports. A comparison shows that for this individual china the prices are no more than for that which is already decorated. For example, ramikins with plates are only $8.50 a dozen, and this includes the decoration. Besides all which the owner is never too busy to give his special attention to a customer.

Now that lace fichus, collars and frills are so much the vogue dainty jeweled pins to hold them in place are an actual necessity to every woman's toilet. Smart women are using long bar pins to hold the side frill to the shoulder. I saw some unusually attractive bar pins in lace work designs that were set with sapphires, amethysts and topazes. The settings were gold hand work, and the prices ranged from $12.50 to $28, those at $17 and $18 being particularly effective. Colored stones are being more and more used for daytime occasions, the idea being that the stone shall harmonize with the color of the gown or its trimmings. This idea is even carried out in earrings, and it is truly astonishing how many women wear earrings nowadays. For formal occasions pearls and diamonds, or combinations of these stones, are used for earrings, but for morning use colored stones with pearls or diamonds are considered more elegant. Some unique designs set with these stones were shown me at from $32 to $85, all of which were beyond criticism.

Bind Your Numbers of the
THEATRE MAGAZINE
See page xxi for particulars

—LOOKING AHEAD—

As the winter season advances the skin gradually becomes dry and hard, the complexion pallid, and tiny lines and furrows begin to appear, especially about the eyes. To guard against the ill effects of cold weather one must give the skin the careful attention it requires.

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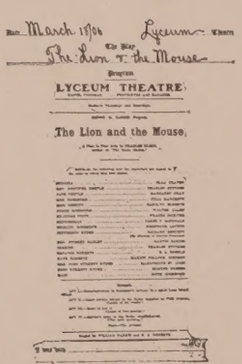

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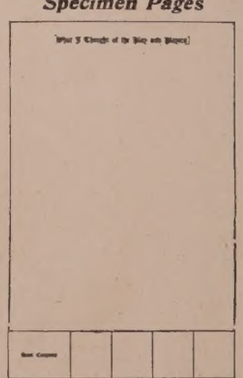

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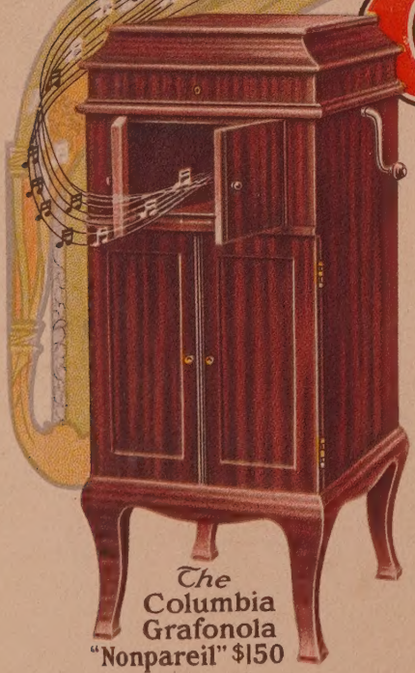

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